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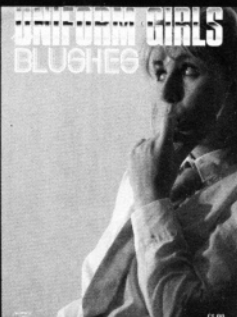
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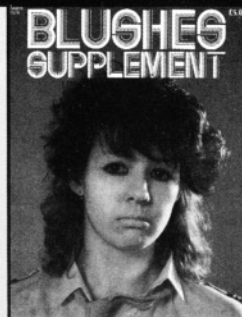


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— a choirgirl
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After the Match —
knickers down in the
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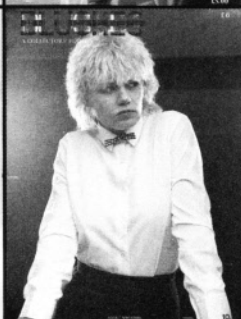
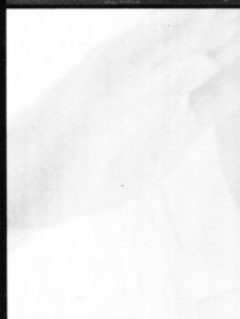
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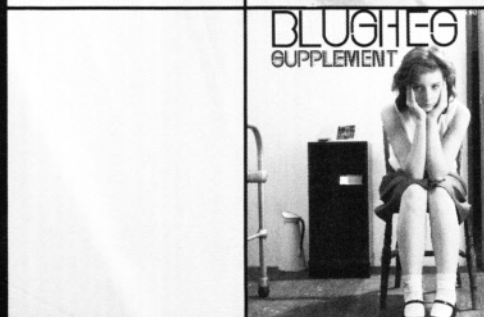
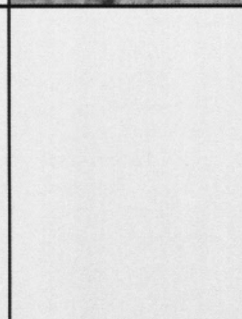
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loses her knickers.
A headmaster's
secretary loses
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More Reich Girls.
Schoolroom Caning.

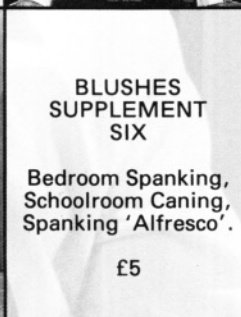
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Schoolroom Caning,
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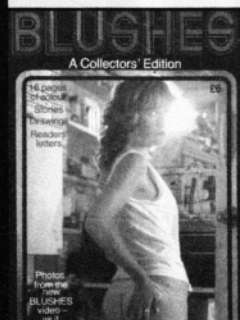
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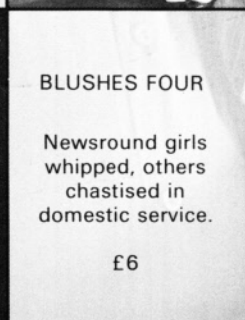
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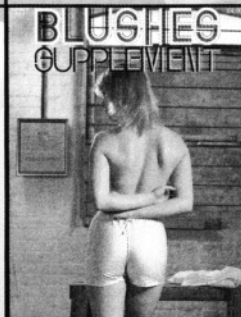
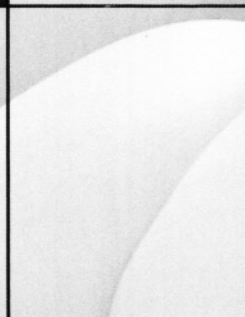
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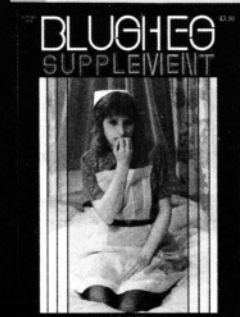
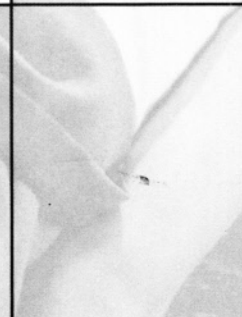
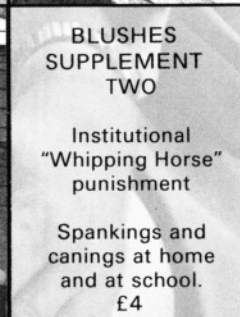


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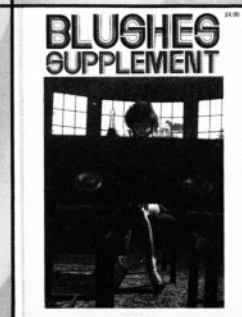
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The house had an old-fashioned look about it, with big sash windows, red brick, tall chimneys and a lot of wrought iron attachments on the walls. Louise supposed it was Victorian, and she was right. It was not the sort of house she would have chosen to live in. Gloomy-looking was the best way to describe it. It wasn't, in fact, a house she even wanted to go into. She was getting more nervous every moment. This was the third time she passed it, peeping through the grille gate which stood between tall, dark green privet hedges.

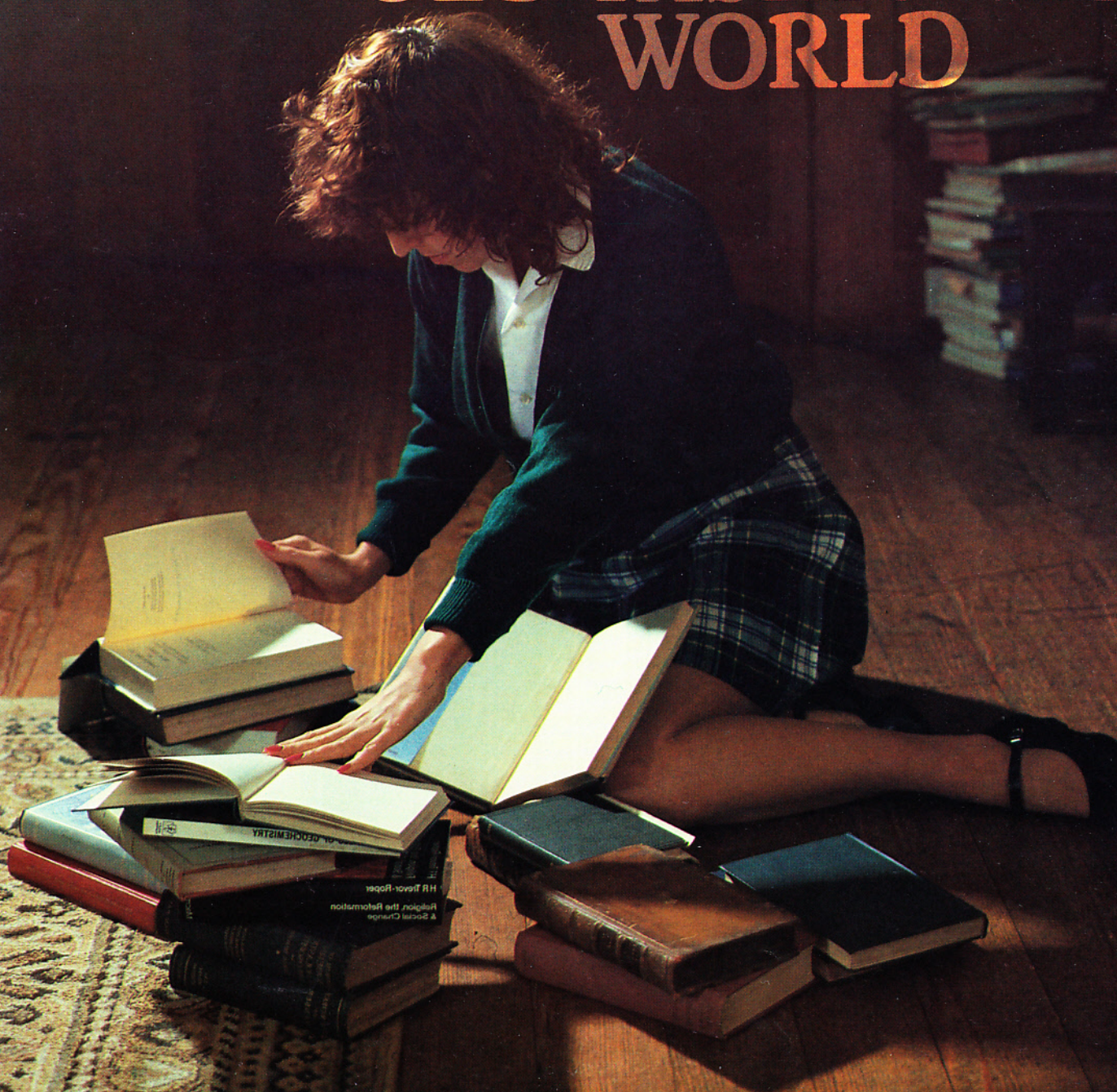
Of course, she didn't *have* to go in. She could still call the whole thing off and nobody would be any the wiser. Except her friend Karen. She was sure to be a bit miffed, since she had set the whole thing up. She'd probably think being lifted high. Head hanging down, hair trailing, she felt herself flushing furiously.

She felt a finger go under the elastic of those knickers and she uttered an instinctive shriek of protest. 'No! D-don't...you mustn't...Plee...eease!' Her knickers were already being tugged down.

'I'm afraid I *insist*, Louise,' he said.

'No...*please*...it's not right...' Oh, this was *awful*! She

AN OLD-FASHIONED WORLD



hadn't thought it would be like this. Absurd of her. She should have done. She might have guessed. she was rather a wet, too. No bottle — wasn't that the expression used? Oh come on, why not give it a go? It couldn't be all that bad, could it? Then Louise thought about the money again. She certainly needed that to buy some holiday clothes. £2.50 an hour wasn't bad for a 16 year old to earn. Her heart missed a beat or two when she thought of the possibility of earning some 'extra' on top. Karen had told her about that. 'Makes it really worthwhile,' she had said. It was what had tempted Louise, yet here she was, now that the moment had come, getting scared about it.

With a kind of desperation, at the fourth time of passing the house, she pulled down the iron latch of the gate and pushed it open. It creaked. The nameplate was in barely legible, faded Gothic lettering. 'Grassmere', the place was called. Her flat-heeled shoes crunched on a grey-gritty drive. 'Don't get dressed up,' Karen had warned her. 'Just go in your ordinary school clothes. That's what he wants.'

'Really? Well... if you say so. Seems a bit odd to me.'

'Maybe it is, but then there are some odd people about.'

That had made Louise think. 'It's not *dangerous*, is it?' she had asked apprehensively.

Karen had laughed at that. 'Of course not,' she had said, 'You don't think he's going to try anything stupid, do you? He knows that I know you're going. Don't worry. If anything nasty was going to happen it would have happened with me, wouldn't it?'

'Mmmm...I suppose so...'

'Well go and earn yourself some loot then.'

So Louise had gone — she'd worn her tartan school skirt and blouse and cardigan but had worn stockings instead of socks — and now she was standing in front of a wide oak door putting her finger to a large brass bell-push. She heard a bell ring...and felt the fast beating of her heart. Her head turned, there was the gate, she could still run. Her head turned back and the door was open.

'Oh hello...I suppose you're Louise, Karen's friend?'

'Yes...that's right.' Louise's voice croaked. He was far younger than she had imagined. Only in his forties, she guessed, and really quite nice. For no good reason she had been expecting someone far worse.

'Do come in then. I'm afraid the place is in a bit of a state. I had some friends in last night. Still, that's what you're here for, isn't it?'

'Yes,' she nodded stepping through the door. 'Sir...' she added. Karen had told her about that. This Mr Gilbert liked his 'Helps' to call him 'Sir', it seemed. She saw him nod approvingly.

'I think we should get on fine,' he said. 'Karen will have told you the ropes. The pay...and so on...'

'Er, yes, Sir.' Louise had a twinge of nervousness again. He had a way of gazing so directly at you, as if he could see right through your clothing. 'Well...I'd better get started then.'

'Fine. I should concentrate on the kitchen and dining room, if I were you. If you want me...if you want anything...I'll be in my study down there.' He pointed along a passageway.

'Alright. Where's the kitchen then?' Mr Gilbert pointed down another passageway on the opposite side of the hall. 'Thanks...' Louise hurried off, sure those penetrating eyes were still upon her. It made her feel quite goose-pimply.

* * * *

There certainly was a lot to do and Louise slogged away all morning, first with mountains of washing up, then hoovering and polishing in the dining room. There was even an old-fashioned black grate to be cleaned out. It was all very different to the easy, labour-saving layout

they had at home. Still, Louise didn't mind too much; it was something of a novelty. And, all the time, she was earning that much-needed money.

Halfway through the morning, she heard her new 'boss' calling out, asking for a cup of coffee. She made some 'instant' and took it along to his study. It was full of old furniture like the rest of the house. 'Getting on alright?' he enquired.

'Yes, Sir,' she nodded, suddenly feeling rather like a Victorian 'skivvy'.

'Good,' he said, sipping at his coffee speculatively. 'I'll come along and have a look later.' That made Louise's heart go thump. 'When you've finished downstairs you can go up and do my bedroom. It's the one at the front.' His eyes were hard upon her. The ridiculous idea came to Louise that she ought to curtsy. But she didn't. Karen had remarked that there were some odd people about and this Mr Gilbert certainly seemed one of them. It was apparent that he deliberately chose to live in an old-world, inconvenient kind of atmosphere. Louise closed the door quietly behind her and went back to work.

It felt funny, being in a strange man's bedroom. In some ways it was a little exciting. The intimacy of it. Yet somehow that very intimacy made it rather nerve-racking. For Louise, anyway. She was, however, amused to see when she went into the adjoining bathroom that Mr Gilbert used a beaver-hair shaving brush and a cut-throat razor. He probably wears nightgowns as well, she thought. Yes, he was decidedly odd.

Suddenly Louise almost started out of her skin. *He* had come into the bedroom and was standing there silently, watching her. She couldn't check the shocked gasp which came from her. It was as if he had entered *her* bedroom.

'I hope I didn't frighten you, Louise,' he said solicitously.

'N-no...' she lied.

'But I had to speak to you. Right away. About your work.'

Louise stood stock still, heart hammering, hair on the nape of her neck starting to bristle. It was happening. Already. On her very first visit. 'Yes?' she whispered.

'I'm afraid I'm not satisfied with some of it.' Louise heard herself expelling a sigh. 'Karen probably told you I was very particular and...well...that I have some rather old-fashioned ideas about that. Yes?'

Louise nodded. 'Yes...sir...' she managed to say. Could she go through with this?


'Did she also tell you that bad work...and the consequences which follow...can earn a girl extra money? Quite a bit extra?' Louise nodded again. 'Well?' enquired Mr Gilbert.

'I...I'm sorry about my bad w-work, Sir,' she heard herself saying. 'I suppose I must take the consequences of it.'

For the first time since she had met him, Mr Gilbert smiled. But only faintly. 'What a sensible girl you are,' he said. Then he seated himself on the edge of his own bed, which Louise had just finished making. He patted his thighs; thighs covered in coarse-cut navy blue trousers. The jacket of his suit had already been removed. 'Come across here, Louise,' he said quietly. 'Since this is your first visit to 'Grassmere', I shall not be too severe on you. No, not all. Just a spanking. You'll soon learn my ways... and understand what I want. Karen did.'

Louise summoned up her resolve. Yes...Karen did. She had been through all this and come out unscathed. So she could do the same, surely. Come on, my girl, she said to herself, show some 'bottle'. After all, what was a spanking? She'd had several from both her Mum and Dad before now.

Over she went, feeling the coarseness of the trousers against her bare thighs. Then feeling a strong hand grip her waist tight. A moment of panic, then her skirt was



'If you lift yourself up a little, they'll come down more easily,' he said calmly. 'Otherwise I might rip them.'

At the sheer matter-of-factness of his voice, Louise's resistance collapsed. What was the point of struggling? If she did, he might simply drag her knickers off anyway. Karen might have warned her though, she thought resentfully, as she raised herself slightly off his thighs. Perhaps Karen had expected her to realise...

The knickers were pushed gently down her legs, right to the bend of her knees. She felt the coolness of being bare. Felt the shaming embarrassment of it, too. She pressed her thighs together as tightly as possible. Was she showing much? Oh, this was awful! And he hadn't started spanking her yet!

A hand touched her lightly on one bum-cheek. A warm hand. She shivered uncontrollably. 'In this household, Louise,' he said, 'bad work is punished.' Despite her tension, Louise realised he sounded like an actor on stage. Well, he was playing a kind of part. 'Perhaps this will teach you to do better in future.'

The first stinging smack fell on the cheek which had just been caressed. Louise gasped, head tossing up...but she realised at once it hadn't hurt any more than with Mum or Dad. One on the other cheek. Oh, but it stung... oh yes...it stung alright!

'P-please...not too hard...'

No answer. Only another smack on the opposite cheek. If anything, a harder one. Then back to the other cheek. Harder, she was sure.

'Oh-ah...oh please, Sir...not so h-hard...' Louise was pleading genuinely, yet at the same time it occurred to her suddenly, that it was what he wanted to hear. It would be in keeping with his part and the scene he had created. 'Pleeee...ease!' she shrieked and started to struggle against the grip about her waist, twisting and turning herself from side to side, but the next stinging slap, across both cheeks, brought an uninhibited yelp from her and

made her squirm involuntarily. The one after, landing in precisely the same place, made her yelp louder and squirm more. She no longer had any need to act. She simply couldn't help herself!

'Stop it....stooo...ooopppp it! That's enough!'

'You're getting a dozen, Louise,' came that calm, cold voice from above.

'In this house bad work is punished.'

Louise gritted her teeth. Get on with it, she thought, as no spank came. Get it over with. She felt his hand caressing lightly, teasing her. Well, that was the way he wanted to do it...

Then his palm walloped down again...harder than ever, it seemed. Kicking...twisting...thighs splaying... Louise was now little concerned with modesty. Pain was the paramount factor. Again it came...again clean across the centre of both cheeks. How it burnt!

Again!

Then again!

'Stoo...oop...enough...enough!' This was worse than anything from Mum and Dad, now on the very lowest part of her bottom. Only one more...only one more...

It seemed to fall just where the previous one had fallen, and after her initial shriek Louise was left gasping breathlessly, head hanging, absorbing the tingling-glowing sensation in her quivery bum.

It was over. It had hurt, but it hadn't been *all* that bad. A little experience goes a long way, she thought. The grip on her waist eased and a caressing hand returned. She lay still, doing nothing to dissuade it. It was almost soothing. She allowed herself to relax completely, feeling her thighs straying a little apart. That no longer concerned her. On the contrary, she found it rather naughtily arousing. No wonder Karen was sure I could cope, she thought.

* * * *

Four hours at £2.50, eh? That makes £10. Plus...well, a little extra.' Louise was excited by the look of the several blue fivers being presented to her.

'Thank you...sir...' She took the money quickly and thrust it into a blouse pocket, refraining from counting it there and then. It looked quite sufficient to compensate for a warm bum.

'You'll be coming back then, next Saturday, Louise?'

'If...if you want me, Sir.'

Mr Gilbert nodded. 'Yes. But I shall want to see if you have improved in your work. You understand that, I suppose?'

'Oh, yes Sir!' Louise was beginning to understand Mr Gilbert. There were two sides to him — bad and good. She trembled inwardly as she thought about what had happened. It must have happened to Karen, too, she realised.

'I have to tell you, Louise,' he was saying, 'I am not always so lenient so far as bad work is concerned. There were times when I had to *caned* Karen.'

'Really! Oh, I say...' Louise was genuinely shocked. Karen had said nothing about that. She didn't like the sound of it. 'Caned?'

'Yes...*caned*,' nodded the handsome Mr Gilbert. 'Mind you, there were compensations afterwards.'

Louise felt the cheeks of her face glowing almost as hotly as those of her bum. There was that lovely money, too. 'Yes...yes...I suppose so.'

'You suppose correctly, Louise.' Mr Gilbert put his finger to his lips. 'Just between us, you understand?'

'Of course...quite...yes!' Louise would not have considered telling a soul in the world what had transpired that Saturday morning. Except, perhaps, Karen.

* * * *

Another Saturday had come round. More chores had

been carried out at 'Grassmere' by Louise. Or not, as the case may have been. In any event, by mid-morning Mr Gilbert stated once again he was not satisfied. Worse, Louise had broken a porcelain flower vase whilst dusting.

'Do you realise, girl, that was a gift from my mother?'

'Well...no...I'm so sorry...'

'A family heirloom, you might say.' Mr Gilbert looked solemn. 'This is a serious matter. It calls for the cane.'

'Oh sir...please...no!' Louise had been half expecting it but, now that it was upon her, it frightened the life out of her. A spanking was one thing, the cane another. She'd never had it before.

'Up to my bedroom, young lady, and get that skirt, and your knickers, off!'

'Oh Sir...must I? Oh please...I don't think I can stand the cane!'

'Yes, you *must*! And stand it you will. Believe me!'

A few minutes later Mr Gilbert entered his own bedroom, cane in hand. Louise was standing mute and fearful to one side of his bed, skirt and knickers lying on the floor beside her. Naked from the waist down, she felt dreadfully vulnerable.

'Kneel on that chair, Louise; bend over its back and clasp its legs — tight.' Mr Gilbert's command was firm; those eyes seemed even more piercing and Louise had a desire to cover the small, dark bush at the apex of her thighs, but meekly she knelt on the wooden chair and bent over it, feeling her bottom become taut. She was trembling inwardly, the flesh of her thighs and buttocks shivering with apprehension.

The cane touched her bottom lightly; she twisted away, squirming in awful anticipation. 'Only six,' she heard him say. 'And there will be plenty of compensation.' Louise gripped tighter, closed her eyes and clenched her teeth.

The first stroke whistled and bit. Oh —! She twisted off the chair, clapping at her poor, poor bottom. How could she possibly stand five more like that?

'Back on the chair, Louise.' That voice was as calm and as authoritative as ever. You could hear that it expected to be obeyed.

Louise obeyed, and presented her taut-curving young bottom again!

During the next couple of minutes she was given reason to hope fervently that the compensation would be as generous as he had hinted.

She had no need to worry. It was. And though the stripes across her bum throbbed most painfully, she promised faithfully to come back again the following Saturday.

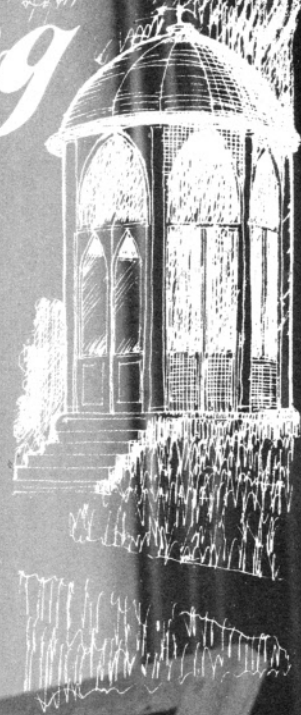
Just before she left, Mr Gilbert chuckled her under the chin. 'Even if you don't break anything, my little one,' he said, giving her one of his quick grins, 'there could still be compensations.'

'Oh thank you, Sir, thank you!' Louise smiled a brave little smile.

She only had one small worry. And that was, when she took her holiday — with a whole lot of new, exciting clothes — whether or not the cane marks would have disappeared. Because she had already got the feeling there were quite a few more to come. All the same, as Karen had done, she was quite confident now she could adapt quite happily to this weekly excursion into another world. Another age.



A Summer-House Evening



Dear James

I want you to be assured that Patricia is behaving quite well at the moment. After all, it is only her first three days with us and — as I told you at the beginning when we met — we never hasten the process unduly. I am sure you did not want us to.

I remember you asking me with a slight strain in your voice whether I would deal with her or whether Edward would. I had to tell you frankly then that it would be both of us. There is no help for that, my dear. I call it 'nurturing', as you well know — and just as you know (I do hope! that we are very civilized here.

There are two other girls attending at the moment. Company for her, of course. Penny is just seventeen and Marian, her sister, two years older. Fascinating to deal with sisters; we've never done this before and had to give a lot of thought to it. As I mentioned to you, we begin with knicker-training. Those flimsy nylon panties that your errant hand succeeded in all too briefly fondling on several occasions before we received Patricia have come off and been replaced by regulation ones of good blue serge.

They hate them of course. Or at least, they do at first. I have them made to fit quite tightly — almost bursting when they bend over for the cane!

You *did* say that we could cane her, did you not? I want to get that clear, and anyway we have. There are those who act, and there are those who merely dream. There are also those who just observe. The two-way mirror here is very popular with certain gentlemen (not *anyone*, of course) who leave their cars beyond the house and enter quietly through the back to observe our little practices.

No, do not fear. They are not — unless without express permission of the girls' guardians, allowed to enter the discipline rooms or touch them in any way. That, my dear, is their problem, not mine. As to yourself, of course, it would be different in respect of Patricia, were you here, but I leave that to your further thoughts.

Sometimes I deal with a girl first — sometimes Edward: It depends much upon what else is going on and upon 'mood'. The girls', I mean. Some are immediately moody on entering — wary as cats in a new house! Some come proudly (perhaps already knowing, sensing, or even having been told), but that can be dealt with. We had a twenty-two year-old girl here last week, James — so leggy, so tight lipped, above and below! As delicately as I can put it, she is not so tight now! The cane did its work well on her, and her lovely tears were real until she submitted to some real exercising at last.

I had to ask Patricia, 'Has this happened to you before?' It would be too difficult to explain this to you, but they seem to like to be asked: a woman-thing you'll have to call it. I was unbuttoning her blouse at the time. Oh, by the way, she has lovely nipples! Edward stood behind her, not otherwise touching her but his hands on her shoulders. Just lightly. Enough to tell her to be still.

Of course, she shook her head. They always do, even if it has. After all, it is some of the squealers and squeakers who are sent to us! — 'I am going to change your knickers first'. I told her. By then I had loosed both sides of her neat white top and I believe she hardly realised it. Her bubbies (that nice Victorian word!) swung clear. And of course the usual little 'Oh, no!' wobbled out, but I merely said 'Yes Patricia' and then added firmly — as I always do — 'My husband is here; you don't have to worry.'

It's the double-edged nature of that remark that throws them, I think. Perhaps Edward did hold her shoulders a trifle more firmly than as I knelt and unzipped her brief blue skirt before she knew it and brought it tumbling. One has to be smooth and quick. No sooner had the waist-

band of her skirt descended past her hips than I was at her knicks — pink pastel ones, and had them down as well.

It's funny, but I often tell myself that it's rather like being a nurse — in this way of handling newcomers, I mean. She made an awful lot of protesting sounds — no words — just 'Mmmmmmm's between tight lips, on different notes, legs wriggling in the petulant way they do, but I quickly got her blue knicks up her legs, and she was happier at that. Well... for a bit.

Edward was still standing as he had done, of course, and I stood up.

'Patricia, you are being *very* naughty', I said in what I hope was just the right tone. Between being 'motherly' and school mistressy, I mean. Edward and I have signals, you see, and he knows precisely what to do upon uttering certain phrases, and vice versa. He spun her around, put one foot up on a wooden chair and all in the same (highly practised!) movement lifted and literally slung her over his knee, her toes just clear of the floor.

Yes, James, we always spank them first with their blue serge knickers on. I meant to ask you — but I forgot — whether you like taking them down yourself, or will like doing so by the time she comes back. Some men do. The waistband is very tight and the plum of her bottom is *very* closely sheathed by the material. Personally I think it a good exercise for a girl to have to stand still while she is having such a close-fitting and intimate garment worked down. They take some working down, I can tell you and — above the knees — tend to stay wherever you put them. In a tight band.

She has been learning to walk like that, by the way. I thought it might be nice for you sometimes when you take her upstairs for further treatment! The gripping of the rolled blue band just above the knees gives her a mincing walk — but keeping her head up, as I have made her do.

By the way, she has a lovely 'bump'. And no, my dear, I am not talking about her bottom, but what's in front, between those twinkly thighs. A really plump little nest. The tips of my fingers have been quite busy lately and — I had best say it, because she has to have 'practise' — so have Edward's. But sorry, I have strayed. Edward had her in a perfect spanking position. Penny and Marian were upstairs, and would be listening, as I knew.

At the first smack, she really yelled. I put on my stern side with her then and said 'Yes Patricia, you have to learn, just as Penny and

Marian are doing'. That would make them blush and edge back from the bannisters, I knew! — '*how-woh!*', she screeched at the next one, but happily I can tell you, James, that your instinct about her was right. She isn't terribly noisy, thank heavens.

You say you have fondled her briefly. Or did you mean fingered? And she was very quiet, you said, but then after a moment or two nervously twisted away. *Well* — I think we can cure those 'nerves' of hers. Her bum is beautifully elastic — really bouncy, isn't it? A tiny bit full in comparison with the rest of her, but that's good. There's a really good feel there. I gave her five to start her off, and lots of sobbing '*Hoo-hooo's*' coming from her while James held her firmly.

She didn't kick; I must say that for her. We gave her the 'all right' treatment then — which needs a bit of explaining. It's just words and actions, but it works. I, having winked at Edward, he said, 'She's all right. Aren't you all right, Patricia?' and me following up with a real hard smack into that bouncy moon and asking, 'Are you all right now?'

Of course, she thought that was the end of it and yelled. 'Yes!' whereat I quickly rolled her knicks down right below her nice pink peach, smacked her again (on bare flesh) and put the question one more time. — '*Yeh-ess!*' came from her, and Edward said then — on cue — 'Take them right off and then we'll see'. Patricia squealed out to me not to, of course, and wriggled awfully but I snagged them off over her shoes, gave her another one and asked the same again.

They have to say 'yes', you see, because they hope every one is going to be the last one. In the event I made it so. 'Yes, Edward, she is all right', I said and let him lower her to the floor. She made to fall into a neighbouring armchair then, hopefully to curl herself up, but he caught her wrist and told her sharply to stand in the corner with her back to us.

Odd that they hate to show you their red bottoms, but find it worse to show their faces! Yes, James, she literally scuttled there and stood sniffing all the time. Deliberately then I said to Edward that he'd best see to Marian, which left me alone with Patricia, and she glad of it, I'm sure. She made to turn when she heard him leave the room, but I told her no. 'Discipline, Patricia', I said.

It began then from upstairs, the swishing of the cane, the cries. Patricia bowed her head more — you can bet! — and clasped her hands together tightly. I had seated myself









meanwhile. Often enough one has to command simply by words. It will be best if you do, often. But as more 'Yee-ow's' came from Marian upstairs, I rose and fondled Patricia's left globe — so warm and trembly — and it was.

'There has to be the cane, darling. There has to be understanding. I must be good with Edward. I must be good. Will you be good?' —

And my husband's name descended, of course. Her eyes still closed and when she swung around and came and said, 'Please, no!' I can't answer her, Jan. Nor would you have done, I hope, returning her cuddling for a moment, even with my fingers up and down her — where she is so tight. She would not say no to that — not at that moment. Really, it is

all psychology. I must be gently where I knew she would be using — which was almost everywhere below!

And while I was using, Edward had obviously finished with the cane, for quite different moans were floating down from Marian. At the moment, you see, she needs certain 'treatment' — afterwards — and I remember you asking me curiously (when I hinted at such) whether I wasn't ever 'jealous'.

The answer quite simply, as I said, is that I'm not. In such cases it is quite impersonal, my dear — and from Edward's point of view, I mean. You'll remember the discreet form of permission that you signed and which had several boxes? We always feel that the words that precede those boxes — to be ticked

or not — require no translation for our clients. Edward and I, when we completed the form and had it printed, argued a little whether the final question to be ticked should be worded: 'Put over only' and, 'Put over and put up to it' — 'exercising afterwards' and 'exercising afterwards'.

We decided on the latter, as you know. You ticked the 'No' box. In Marian's case the other was ticked (and then initialled, as we require it to be in the case of a positive response).

Naturally enough, Patricia could not hide from herself the changed tone in Marian's moans and whimpers as Edward 'attended on' her afterwards. The cane had been put away by then but her bottom was



still up. She was receiving aftercare — oh, very slowly, and to bring her on, which Edward told me that it did.

For there *is* a moment — after their first aftercare treatments — when they have to go over on their backs. It's a case of the 'evening blues', the knickers coming down in the dusk and a caning first, or 'morning glory' when their bottoms are already warm from sleep. They are very fulsome in the morning, James. Make sure you take the key from Patricia's bedroom door.

It will not be the case with Patricia, of course (unless you decide to change your mind), but girls such as Marian are never exercised until

after their second caning — or rather, to put it more clearly — following their third. Before that, of course, they will have been spanked and handled: 'touched-up' as we say. When I watched Marian on her back, bottom wriggling, the next day and Edward going steadily at her, I knew she would be all right after that. They never forget, my dear. It becomes a reflex to them, in the end.

Yes, Patricia has been caned by now. I was present while Edward swished her squirming bum. He retired then swiftly and left me to talk to her, about never saying 'no' but always, always 'yes'. I was surprised at that. Not too much so,

for I begin to know her ways. I whispered to her all the time — words I would not repeat in front of you.

In between I asked her several times whether she was absolutely certain that she understood, and often enough she shook her head, but then I soothed her till she murmured a small doubtful 'Yes', after which I rolled her on her tummy and — to her sobbing amazement — spanked her cane-seared bottom hard and told her never to say 'No' again.

'All right, all right', she sobbed, and then I cuddled her. One has to swing them inbetween two moods,



you know — and women, I think, are sometimes better at it than are men.

On Thursday you can come and get her back. I suggest that you lay a cane on the back seat so that she can see it as she gets into your car. Talk about anything but this. A little coaxing when you get her back will do wonders for the pair of you. 'You're all right now?' — you may ask her that. She'll have heard it enough times now to know the signal it portends. Simply say to her then 'Come on' and take her upstairs or put her, if you wish, over the rolled arm of that nice sofa that you have, or why not take her out to the summer house if it isn't too late.

Go very slowly, James, in lifting up her frock and pulling those tight knickers down. She knows she has to wear them for her 'evening blues'. When you have revealed her blushing bottom to your view, leave her to wait while you then fetch the cane. Yes — she will wait. I have told her exactly what she has to do — or else come back here for a further week. I do not think that she would take to that.

Have a nice evening on Thursday, James, and tell me all about it afterwards. Her parents will not be back from Saudi Arabia, you said, for two months yet — oh lucky man! And she has a sister, I believe

you mentioned, who may stay with you as well? Life may get very complicated for you, James, but of course we'll take her in first, if you wish. After all, Penny and Marian are progressing very well. I don't think they'll forget their tutoring when they return to the sponsor.

A bare bottom in the hand is worth two in knicks? Well, we shall see. I see no reason why they should not continue to be caned together, at the least. We are going to do that with them, anyway. There's fond hope for you, James — but bring Patricia to it stiffly first!

And do, do tell me all about it afterwards.

Love Wendy

'Why don't you see old Barthers,' said Alison Randall. 'He's pretty good at sorting things out.'

'Oh yes, but what is his *price*,' chirped in Mandy Whittingham. 'Tell us that! Has old Barthers sorted anything out for *you*, Alison Randall? And if so, tell us please what he wanted for his little service. I wouldn't be surprised if he wanted to service *you*!'

Alison went bright red at Mandy's nasty taunt. All the nastier because it was true, but surely no one knew that! Anyway, attack is the best form of defence, even if your cheeks are blazing red.

'Clearly you have the mind of a guttersnipe, Mandy Whittingham, and are therefore to be pitied. But, Penny, anyone will tell you that Mr Bartlow *can* be very helpful. Or anyone except Mandy here! Isn't that right, Angela?'

Angela said 'Yes' in a slightly dubious manner. 'But I *have* heard that he likes a little reward. I've *heard* that he likes to smack bottoms.'

'Well I don't know anything about *that*,' replied Alison, quite untruthfully. 'Anyway it's only a suggestion. It's up to you, Penny. I mean can you sort Miss Kingston out yourself?'

Pretty Penelope Mather made a face which indicated she didn't think she could.

Miss Kingston was a new gym mistress. She was not old, no more than 25 one would say, tall and slim and with a quite attractive but stern countenance. The trouble with Miss Kingston was that, as far as one could tell in the five weeks she had been at St Helena's, she seemed to have a marked liking for members of her own sex. This liking had, apparently, settled on Penny Mather. Pretty, well-rounded Penny, class-mate of Alison and Mandy and the others in the Lower Sixth.

There really wasn't much doubt about Miss Kingston, nor that her eye had alighted on Penny. Miss Kingston had taken to giving the latter some pretty unmistakable gropes in the changing room and then last

week had kept her behind after swimming for some extra practice. Penny was in the swimming team and Miss Kingston said she wanted to check her action. But did she need to have Penny nude in the changing-room for this?

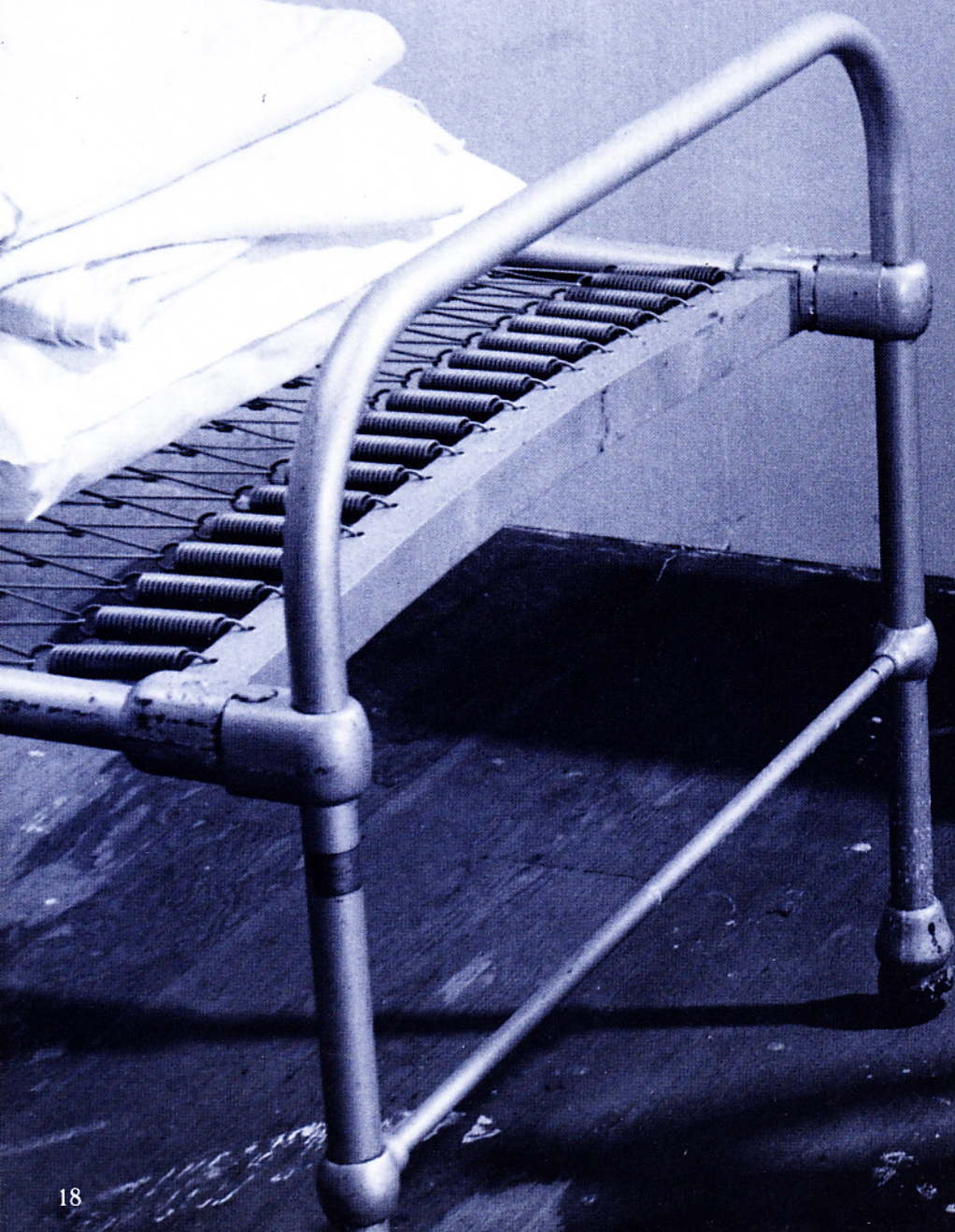
When Penny had objected Miss Kingston had come on a bit nasty. 'We must all of us learn to accept that others more experienced may know better, Penny dear.' Then she grabbed Penny and yanked her swimsuit down and sharply spanked Penny's nude bottom.

Yes Miss Kingston was clearly one of those but at the same time you were not likely to get much change out of Mr Pinkerton, Head master, if you went to him. The Head was not keen on girls ratting and would usually take a member of staff's word rather than a girl's. So what did you do?

'I've told you what I think,' Alison told Penny when the others had left. 'Try Mr Bartlow.'

'But supposing what the others said was true...'

Alison knew that what the





**THE
PRICE!**



was true but whose hand would you rather have in your knickers?

'It's up to you, Penny. If you're happy with Miss Kingston's hand in your pants, OK. Otherwise...' Penny sometimes needed to have the stark realities of life spelled out before she could make a decision. She shuddered: 'OK...I...I'll go and see him.'

Mr Bartlow, caretaker at St Helena's School for Girls, did not look or sound like an ogre or even a Dirty Old Man; that perhaps was part of the key to his success. He indeed was the picture of friendly reassurance when opening his door to Penny's nervous knock. 'Hello, young Penny. Come in. How about a nice cup of tea? And what brings such a pretty girl to my little abode?' George could lay it on when he wanted to.

Anyway it wasn't difficult to put on a friendly face if your visitor was Penny Mather, not if you were partial to pretty girls as George Bartlow certainly was. Penny was another blue-eyed blonde but with a much more rounded, less boyish, shape than Alison Randall; George though had a catholic taste in such matters. 'Any little problems?' he inquired. Girls' problems could usually be turned to good advantage — as we have seen with young Alison.

'Well...' began Penny.







George beamed. 'Just a mo; let me pour you a nice cuppa and then you can tell me it all.'

They sat together on George's sofa. You couldn't look up a girl's skirt when you were sitting next to her but there were other disadvantages; you had a good angle on those softly trembling boobs for one thing. Penny was not wearing her blazer so one was able to get a good appreciation of the boobs. Penny's were definitely on the large side for a 16 year old.

Hesitantly and with prompting here and there from George, Penny told her rather embarrassing tale. It was an emotional business telling all this to a man, especially when he was pressed close up against you. There were also those things that girls said about Mr Bartlow. Penny could feel herself trembling, her hand was trembling when she picked up her tea cup and her big boobs were trembling as well in the front of the green-and-white check St Helena's summer frock.

Mr Bartlow when Penny glanced at him had his eyes fixed on her frock front. When she got to that very embarrassing bit where Miss Kingston had taken her swimsuit down and smacked her bum Penny could feel herself sweating; beads of perspiration on her upper lip. She licked her lips nervously; yes definitely salty.

Mr Bartlow said, 'That must have been a lovely sight.'

'Wha...what?'

'You with that swimsuit down round those pretty thighs. And then that Miss Kingston smacking your pretty bum.'

Penny blinked and went a deeper shade of red. Really that wasn't the response you wanted, Mr Bartlow gloating over it. 'It...it's not funny.' She blinked again. If he was going to make fun of it there was a real danger of tears.

Suddenly there was a tweed-jacketed arm round Penny's shoulders. She gave a little gasp as a large hand squeezed her upper arm.

'Don't you worry, young Penny. I know it's not funny. I was just picturing the scene, that's all.' The hand squeezed tighter. 'Don't you worry. I reckon I can sort that Miss Kingston out.' As he spoke Penny felt herself being pulled round to face Mr Bartlow.

She was a decidedly appealing sight, the ash-blonde curls, the soft full lips, the big blue eyes with perhaps a hint of moisture in them. There was also of course those full trembling tits that frankly George was itching to get his hands on. The big blue eyes looked into George's and blinked again. 'C...can you? Can you do something please.'

'Aye, I reckon I can.' George



could resist it no longer and his unoccupied hand came up and took firm hold of one thinly covered globe. As Penny let out a startled yelp he kept a firm grip while asking, 'Did that Miss Kingston get her hands on these lovelies?'

Penny didn't answer as she struggled desperately to get the hand off. George did finally let go, grabbing hold instead of both of Penny's wrists to keep her still. Thus held the red-faced and spluttering girl had what you might call the facts of life explained to her.

'Listen to me, young lady. I've told you I'll sort this out with that new young woman; now I think in return you could at least be a little bit friendly, don't you?'

Penny said nothing, still feeling the shock of his hand on her right breast. 'Cause if you don't I just might go to that Miss Kingston and tell her you've been spreading nasty tales, viscious tales; and then I might just go to the Head and tell him the same thing. And then where'd you be, my pretty Miss? In rather hot water, that's where.'

As Penny tried to take in what he was saying George let go of her and got quickly up to go over to his door and lock it. He came straight back. 'Well, young lady?'

'I...It's blackmail.'

'What a nasty word,' said George. 'And especially as I am

going to help you. Most ungrateful.' He slid his arm round her again. Penny shivered but accepted it.

'Wha...what...Are you sure... you can...'

'Oh yes,' said George confidently. Penny gave a gasp as his hand came back to cup her breast again; this time though she didn't struggle. George squeezed it and then squeezed the other one and then his hand went in between, to the row of little buttons. 'No!' whimpered Penny.

'I want you to show me you're a nice co-operative girl,' said George. 'Co-operative and grateful.' One by one he dealt with the little buttons. The bodice of the summer frock was pulled open. Underneath there was just the white bra, apart from Penny herself that is. George reached in round behind. 'NO!' squealed the pretty blonde. 'Yes,' said George firmly, his fingers working with the catch. 'This is the real test of being a good grateful girl; and I'm sure you're going to pass the test, Penny.'

The catch was released, the bra was pulled away, rather like a jelly-mould being taken off to reveal its contents, quivering but deliciously firm. Penny made a moaning sound, George a sort of growl.

'Where are we going?' wondered Penny and received the answer, 'Just a nice little place I know.'

Penny said 'What!' in an alarmed manner. And then, 'I...I can't. I haven't got my swimsuit.' Mr Bartlow, still looking straight ahead, said, 'Oh don't worry about that. It's a very secluded little place where we're going. Won't be anyone there except us.'

Penny gulped. 'Look...' With no swimsuit that meant either knickers and bra or — nothing. 'Look...' she said again. 'Please...'

Mr Bartlow didn't say anything, just took one hand off the wheel and patted Penny's thigh.

It was a nice place, you walked across this meadow and then there was the river with a nice little sandy bit at the bank. There weren't any other people either, like Mr Bartlow had said. He had a picnic basket and a blanket to sit on. Or lie on! He also had a towel to dry yourself with. To dry Penny, that was, because clearly Mr Bartlow didn't intend going in the water.

'I should have a dip right away,' he said. 'It's nice and warm, and then we can have a bite to eat afterwards.'

It was quite hot it was true, in fact Penny could feel her knickers sticking damply in the cleft of her bottom. Surreptitiously she tugged at them. 'Look...' she said, like before. She stood watching Mr Bartlow arrange the blanket and things, thinking about herself in just bra and knickers.







Penelope Mather and George Bartlow were in the latter's little car purring along a minor road some five miles from the school. It was two days after that somewhat traumatic afternoon when Penny enlisted George's help with Miss Kingston, 2 o'clock on a warm Wednesday afternoon with just a few fleecy clouds in a bright blue sky. Penny had been told to get a pass out for the afternoon as George wanted to take her out. He didn't say exactly what for but as he had apparently not yet made his move regarding Miss Kingston it seemed best to agree.

Penny had resigned herself to the possibility that there might be more of that awful business like last time. She still trembled when she thought about it — and she had thought about it quite a bit. To think that Mr Bartlow could *do* such a thing — open her dress and undo her bra and then...just play with her like that. And she had been quite *helpless* because he *had* blackmailed her. It was really awful. It was also quite definitely exciting, just thinking about it. Very scary but also very exciting. Penny had never had *anything* like that happen before.

As they drove along though there was shortly something else to think about as Mr Bartlow became a little more forthcoming. Continuing to concentrate on the twisty road he said.

'There's a nice stretch of river at this place, so you'll be able to have a dip, young Penny. You're quite a swimmer I understand, and it's a nice warm afternoon for it.'

Mr Bartlow stood up. 'Come on, young lady. I want to see some of that fancy swimming. Get your clothes off.' Then he grabbed her.

Penny had just started to say No meaning taking her frock off but it changed to a squeal as Mr Bartlow's arms went round her, one round her waist and the other hand simply taking hold of her bottom. Penny had quite a big bottom, certainly compared to Alison Randall's it was big. A nice firm one but, well, cheeky. As she squealed Mr Bartlow's hand yanked up her frock and roamed about on those tight, thin and at the moment rather damp knickers which were still, in spite of Penny's tugging, sticking in the crack of her bottom. She could hear herself squealing, at the same time feeling all weak at the knees. It was shocking but it was also undoubtedly arousing, being manhandled by Mr Bartlow.

After what seemed like ages Mr Bartlow did let go. Penny stood shaking. Mr Bartlow said, 'I just had to get my hand on what that Miss Kingston seems so keen on. I can't say as I blame her, you've got a

really nice one. But now let's have that frock off. I want to see some swimming action.'

Penny said 'No!' once more but Mr Bartlow grabbed her again and started unbuttoning. There seemed to be nothing for it but to comply. She broke away and, reluctantly, unfastened the rest of the buttons herself; at least she didn't want her frock *torn*. Penny looked around hoping vaguely that there might be someone else in sight and she could use that as an excuse, but there wasn't, only some cows. She took a deep breath and lifted the frock over her head. Holding it in front of her she made some quick adjustments behind where the knickers were still sticking embarrassingly in between the cheeks of her bum. Mr Bartlow took the frock from her and there Penny was, in just white bra and knickers and ankle socks and sandals.

'Very choice,' declared Mr Bartlow. 'Now the sandals.' It was difficult to believe this was happening. Despairingly Penny wailed, 'My bra and pants'll get wet,' but Mr Bartlow said they would dry in no time, and to stop hanging about.

'You're really *awful*,' she told him but nonetheless removed socks

and sandals. Harried by Mr Bartlow's very active hands Penny stepped in the water. She yelped; it wasn't cold but there were some slippery pebbles. She waded further in and then, conscious of Mr Bartlow's eyes on her bottom, slid down in the water. Actually it was nice, cool and refreshing. She swam down the river and then up again, breast-stroke and then her crawl that she was rather proud of. 'Come in,' she called to Mr Bartlow, 'It's super!' But of course there wasn't much chance of that.

He grinned. 'Come out when you're ready.'

That was the problem: coming out. Thin white garments when they get wet can become awfully transparent. As her top appeared Penny, glancing down, saw that her quite big nipples were clearly showing. And then further down the knickers were sticking to her like a transparent skin. She grabbed for the towel in Mr Bartlow's hand, to cover herself.

Mr Bartlow said, 'Hang on to those wet things off first.'

Penny's head went in a spin. 'NO!' she breathed. But then Mr Bartlow was at her, wet and slippery as she was, and *taking* them off. And then when he had yanked off the two

wet garments it was Mr Bartlow who kept hold of the towel and did the drying. Penny couldn't believe this was happening, though there was no doubt that it was.

'That's better,' he said as he finally whisked the towel away, his eyes greedy on Penny's burgeoning bare flesh. 'Now lie down and get some sun on you.'

'C-can I have my frock,' she gasped, two hands and arms attempting the impossible task of covering up two large breasts, their





nipples now firmly erect, plus a downy groin.

'No,' said Mr Bartlow briskly. 'Get some sun, my girl. There's no one here.'

No one except Mr Bartlow, that was. He had some doughnuts and some lemonade in his hamper, also beer for himself, but how can you eat and drink when you're stark naked on a blanket with a man. 'This is simply *awful*,' she wailed.

Penny tried lying on her front, that at least shielded certain strategic parts but of course left her bottom unprotected. Mr Bartlow's hand was soon there. '*Please*,' she pleaded. 'Please don't *do that*...' Mr Bartlow simply said to stop being silly and have a doughnut.

Penny *was* quite hungry, growing girls frequently are, and once she bit into it it tasted good, but *Cripes* and *Double Cripes* could this be *possible*?

She ate the doughnut, nonethe-

less, and another one and then had some lemonade, propped up on her elbows but not too much so that her boobs didn't show. But why bother because Mr Bartlow was shortly telling her to turn over and get some sun on her front. Her wailing refusal was met by Mr Bartlow turning her over himself.

'Not like that,' he told her as Penny's arms and hands did their best to cover things. 'Let the sun get at you.' He pulled her arms away. She lay shivering, in spite of the hot sun, while Mr Bartlow sitting at her side gazed keenly down.

'You've got a really lovely figure, young Penny,' he told her. And then she gave a gurgling squeal as that big hand reached out.

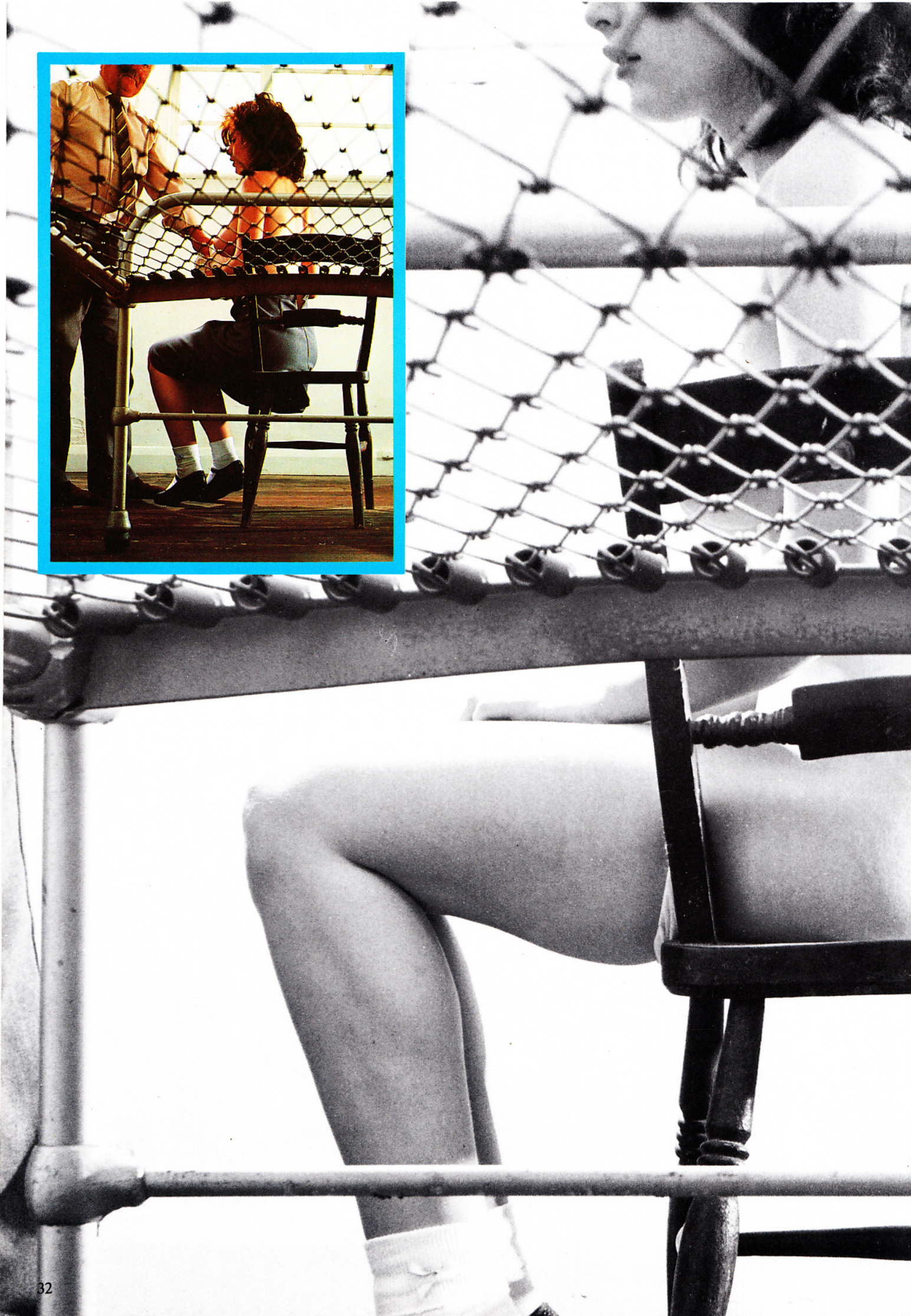
Well, she couldn't stop him, she was quite *helpless*, like on Monday in his room only of course this was a lot worse. It wasn't only Penny's big boobs that were bare now it was something else as well. Could you

believe Mr Bartlow could *do* such things; his hand going just *everywhere* and getting Penny, in spite of herself, all hot and aroused. And then when she was in such a state that she barely knew *what* was happening he did *that*. And Penny couldn't help it, she couldn't help responding to *that*. Her body writhing, with her strong thighs spread, her hips arching and bucking, thrusting against that hand, those fingers...

'What's going on over there?' Mandy Whittingham's querying voice in the darkened dorm. It was just after 11, two days later. 'Mind your own business, Mandy Whittingham, and don't be a pig.' Alison Randall in fact had just climbed in bed with Penny. 'We've









got private matters to discuss.'

Mandy laughed. 'Well, don't let Miss Kingston catch you, or she'll be in there as well.'

It was naturally the Miss Kingston affair that Alison wanted to talk about. Had Mr Bartlow been able to do anything yet? Penny, a bit startled to find Alison suddenly in with her, said yes he had apparently. That afternoon he had seen Penny and said it was OK. He had had a word with Miss Kingston, warning her to be very careful because Mr Pinkerton had a horror of that sort of thing. Mr Bartlow had told her that a previous teacher had been booted out and Mr Pinkerton had gone to the police. Miss Kingston had apparently gone white at this (quite untrue) information.

'So she's been warned off you?'

'Yes...I think so,' said Penny recalling hotly the various liberties Mr Bartlow had taken with her person in payment. Not content with what he had done on the blanket he had taken her to his room when they got back — and taken Penny over his lap and pulled her knickers down and smacked her bottom. Just because he felt like it he had said.

'What did he do?' queried Alison in a hoarse whisper.

'What?'

'You know. What did he *do*? Come on: he must have done *something*. He always does. Come on: we're friends, aren't we?'

In a hoarse whisper of her own Penny told what had been done. It made you feel a bit faint just telling it.

'He brought you off?'

'Y...yes.'

'Did he *do* you?'

'NO!' Well really!

There was a hot whisper in Penny's ear.

'Cripes!'

'Yes, it was quite good.' As she said this Alison's hand slid down the front of Penny and up inside her nightie. Penny gave a stifled squeal.

Mandy's voice again came out of the darkness. 'What's going on over there? And what about old Barters? Have you seen him yet, Pen?'

'Mind you own business,' said Alison. Penny she had found was quite wet between her legs. 'Please.' hissed Penny.

Alison took Penny's hand and put it between her own legs. 'What we should do,' she whispered; stroking away at Penny, 'is put old Barters on to Mandy. Set her up. That would teach her.'

STILL WATERS

'What d'you think?' asked Alison.

It was morning break the day after Alison had climbed into Penny's bed and while intimately stroking the latter had whisperingly suggested that they set up Mandy with Mr Bartlow. It was this that was being discussed as the two of them sat in a secluded corner of the school grounds. Penny shivered, thinking of last night, thinking also of her own earlier experiences at the hands of Mr Bartlow. 'I...I don't know,' she said hesitantly.

'She deserves something,' stated Alison. 'The *pig*. She's always making some snide remark.'

The snide remarks, though, seemed largely true, especially those relating to Mr Bartlow. But Mandy *had* been pretty insensitive about Penny's problems with Miss Kingston. 'We wouldn't want to





get into trouble. 'Penny tended to be of a cautious nature. 'And also, well I don't want to, you know, get involved too much with Mr Bartlow.'

Alison gave a coarse laugh. 'Come on! I bet you loved what he did *Cripes!* Stripping you starkers like that and then spreading you out on your back on his blanket and bringing you off. Oh boy!' 'Shut up,' hissed Penny, red in the face. 'And anyway what did he do to *you?* 'I *didn't* enjoy it. And don't you dare mention it to any one. I told you in *strict confidence.*'

'Don't worry, I won't. But you must have liked it, otherwise you wouldn't have come and you said you did.'

It might seem difficult to argue with this logic but Penny did her best. 'I *didn't* like it. It was just my...my *hormones* reacting. You can't do anything about *that*, you know.'

Clearly this argument was not going anywhere. 'Oh forget it,'





said Alison. 'Let's concentrate on Mandy. Actually I've got an idea. What if old Barthers caught her coming back in late without a pass? He could threaten her with old Pinkers unless, you know, she was *nice*. Yes, that's it.' Alison's eyes were shining. 'To put her really in it Barthers could find some, you know, *rubbers* in her pocket!'

Penny blinked at the enormity of this; how could Alison even *think* of such a horrendous thing? In any case wherever did you get such items?

On reflection Alison agreed that perhaps the rubbers idea was just a little over the top. 'Ok, that was just a detail anyway. But the general idea is great. What we can do is fix her up with that boy she fancies in Allenhams.'

Alenhams was a stationers in the nearby town of Hurstley — the very same town where a little earlier Alison had been bought an ice-cream and had her morals tested. Mandy had never actually been out with this boy but she undoubtedly would go wild at the idea of a date. 'You do that part and I'll arrange it with Barthers. Unless you want to do it the other way round.'

Penny flushed, thought a bit and then said a reluctant OK. She wasn't all that keen to do this to Mandy but it was true she *had* been beastly.

George Bartlow had his usual owlsh look when he opened his door to Alison at 4.30 after classes. If it was one of the mistresses he'd have to be ready with a reason why he couldn't do whatever it was she wanted, but naturally his face brightened considerably on seeing Alison. She was welcomed in, his hand automatically going behind her and below the blazer to the slim but choice flanks contained in the St Helena's summer issue school frock.

Alison gave a little squeal and wriggled her bottom. 'Hey, I didn't come to get felt up.' But actually a male hand on your bottom was not unpleasant and sent a nice tingly glow through you. Alison had seen a certain amount of Mr Bartlow since that business of the ice-cream but hadn't allowed him any repeat of what he had done then. Mr Bartlow clearly would have *liked* a repeat but a girl didn't want to be doing it *all* the time, did she?

Mr Bartlow made some tea and then Alison agreed to sit on his lap to discuss what she had to discuss. George Bartlow's eyes gleamed as the tale was unfolded and not just because his hand was playing with the pert apples in the front of



Alison's frock. That Mandy Whittingham was a cute little piece all right, a brunette with nice bum and tits, but at the same time much too haughty and self-assured, a girl not likely in the normal course of events to fall for George's ploys. He had once essayed a brief feel at her bottom when she had been detailed to help him shift some hockey gear and had got the sharp rejoinder, 'If you try that *once more*, Mr Bartlow, I shall go *straight* to Mr Pinkerton.'

And here was a plan to deliver this attractive but arrogant young lady right into his hands.

'She won't dare go to Mr Pinkerton because she'd get booted out. Old Pinkers is very hot on gallivanting out with boys. So you'd really have her, Mr Bartlow. You could *cane* her!'

George felt a hot glow of excitement. He shifted Alison's very pleasant weight slightly as she was crushing what had now become considerably enlarged. The cane on that pretty young Miss would be heavenly. It was some time since George had caned a girl. Yes the thought of the cane was really *first rate*. At the same time, though, it didn't do to appear too bowled over by what was being offered. George managed to sound almost reluctant.

'Yes, well, young Alison. I daresay I could fall in with this little plan. But if I was obliging you I should want something in return. Some little token of gratitude.'

'Oh yes. What?'

'You know.'

Alison could guess. 'Look: I don't want to be doing *that* all the time.' George pointed out that it

wasn't *all* the time, he had only done it once.

Alison considered it; considered also the hand that was now up her summer frock doing rather interesting things. 'Well perhaps. Actually Mr Bartlow if I *did*, well, I'm getting a bit hard up again at the moment. For one thing the Tuck Shop's put up the price of their buns and I need something to keep my strength up. So *if* I did, Mr Bartlow...'

George raised his eyebrows. At 16 wanting to get paid for it! 'But this other thing, Mr Bartlow. Mandy. It's on then?'

George didn't answer but pushed Alison off his lap and got up to go and lock the door. He came back with a purposeful gleam in his eye. '*No!*' breathed Alison. '*You can't! Not here.. Not now...*' But it seemed that Mr Bartlow had other ideas.

'Don't, you'll *rip* them... Ooh! Aaoh! Look.. we haven't even discussed what... you're going to give me...'

George, breathless, on the on top of Alison, growled, 'I'll *show* you... what I'm going to... give you... young lady.'





'Oh! Ooohh! Cripes... Jesus... That hurts... Ooh! Ooooh! Look... You'd better... be *using* something...'

* * * *

Penny's part in the plot naturally didn't call for anything of that sort but it was traumatic, nonetheless, going in and chatting up a boy you didn't really know. At first the boy, whose name it appeared was Dave, thought Penny was doing the chatting up on her own behalf, perhaps a natural mistake. Penny *did* fancy him a bit. Boys anyway were rare

and this one wasn't bad looking and the right age, about 18. But she had to stick to the plan and tell him it was her friend. 'You know, you've seen her. Quite tall with bangs. Brunette, well chestnut really. She's pretty.'

Dave said he did know and seemed suitably flattered to find himself the object of this young lady's interest. 'It would have to be the evening,' Penny told him. 'That's the only time she can get out.' In fact that was the only time Mandy *couldn't* get out, legally at least. Mr Pinkerton wouldn't give a pass in the evening unless it was

very important and you had proof. Of course if you were brave enough or keen enough you could go out anyway.

'Did it go OK?' asked Alison that evening before prep.

'Yes, he seemed quite keen. We agreed on Friday night. He's nice to talk to. How did you get on with Mr Bartlow?'

Alison rolled her eyes. 'I had the hard part of course.' The blue eyes rolled again as she realised her unconscious pun. 'I wasn't chatting up boys in shops, I had to go and see *Mr Bartlow*. He was keen all right but he pretended he



wasn't and made me pay a *price*.' Penny pursed her lip and went pink. She'd rather not know about that. Alison gave her friend a dig in the ribs. 'We talked about *you*. I said you were still a virgin but it

was beginning to bother you. I said he should have taken the opportunity when he had you out at the river and *done* you.' 'You *didn't!*' gasped Penny feeling quite sick. 'Tell me you

didn't!' Alison gave an enigmatic smile. She was quite *capable* of saying it. Penny had started to grapple with her when who should come in but Mandy Whittingham. 'What are you two *doing*.'





Naughty girls!

They broke off. A, breathing hard, said, 'Mandy; guess what!'

They told her. Penny managed to get in conversation with that boy in Allenhams and, guess what, he had asked about her, Mandy! And then *guess what*, Penny had arranged a date. This Friday. It was the only time he could make.

'Cripes!' breathed Mandy, flush-faced. 'Cripes!! But I won't be able to get out.'

'You'll have to,' Alison told her. 'You can't miss a chance like this.'

'Jeepers!'

'You'll be OK. No one checks. You can sneak in the back gate; girls do it all the time.' Girls *did* do it but not all the time. Just occasionally. And not of course with Mr Bartlow waiting for them.

Alison went and had a really super time, going to the pictures and then to a cafe. She came back to school on the last bus after they'd agreed to meet again on Sunday afternoon if Mandy could get a pass. Reaching the school rear entrance Mandy cautiously opened the gate and closed it behind her. It was dark but she could vaguely see where she was. Suddenly it wasn't dark any more; there was a blinding light. A torch shining in her eyes. And Mr Bartlow's voice. 'Hello! What's this!'

The torch was extinguished and Mr Bartlow was close, pushing

Mandy up against the wall. 'Well I do believe it's Miss Amanda Whittingham. Been out with a boy I daresay and without a pass. And here she is sneaking back in.'

Mandy made a bleating sound. Hands grabbed her. Hands which in other circumstances would have been indignantly thrust away with threats of Mr Pinkerton. Now she simply produced a pleading 'Please...' Her light raincoat was unbuttoned and then her blazer. Mr Bartlow took enthusiastic hold of those firm, quite full mounds which he had often eyed with interest. He squeezed. 'Well, my girl, what's Mr Pinkerton going to make of this?'

'No!' Mandy had a kind of sickly feeling at what he was doing but didn't try to stop him. 'Please. Don't tell Mr Pinkerton. He... he'll expel me.'

'What then?' asked George. He pulled her forward and stuck one hand up Mandy's skirt to greedily sample the tightly knickered bottom. 'You can't just be let off, my girl.'

Ten minutes later Mandy was creeping numbly into the dorm.

She was met with excited greetings. Had she had a *great* time?

She blinked back the tears which squeezed out nonetheless. She wiped her eyes, then made a brave face. 'Yes... super. But... bloody Bartlow... c...caught me coming back.'

Yelps of excitement. What had he *done*? In fact George hadn't done anything much apart from pretty serious groping. 'He...he's going to see m...me in the morning.'

Alison wasn't really a nasty girl but she couldn't help it. 'Oh dear Mandy; you'll have to be *very nice* if he's not to tell Pinkers. I mean *you* always say it, don't you? He'll want to *do* you. He'll want to *service* you.'

It was too much and Mandy burst into tears. Penny went to put her arm round her and told Alison not to be cruel. Penny had a soft spot, that was the trouble and was now feeling really *bad* that they had done this to Mandy.

Alison said, 'Well, it's only what you always *say*, Mandy. Now you'll be able to tell us if it's *true*.'

Later with the others still in a buzz about Mandy, Alison crept quietly into bed with Penny. She felt tremendously *excited* about Mandy and also excited because she could see Penny was upset by it. 'She *deserves* it,' she whispered fiercely and although Penny fought it, she insisted on getting her hand between Penny's legs. Penny tried not to, but she couldn't help responding; she came quite quickly, stifling her groans in the sheet.

The next day was Saturday with classes until 12 which was when Mandy had been told to go and see Mr Bartlow. Not in his own

room but the boiler room down in the basement. Could he do things there that he wouldn't want to do in his own room? Mandy felt sick but of course she was there on the dot because what was the option. The boiler room in fact was next to that room where Mandy had had to move that hockey stuff, that time

she had angrily told Mr Bartlow off for putting his hand on her bum. She remembered that now — and presumably so did Mr Bartlow.

She tried to force a smile. 'Mr Bartlow... I...uh, hope you don't think that I've been, you know, unfriendly to you. I mean... well, I hope you don't think that.' She

could hear herself grovelling but she was just plain *scared*.

Mr Bartlow gave her one of his funny looks. 'As I recall, young Mandy, you got all excited when my hand accidentally touched your bum.'

Mandy tried to laugh. 'No... It was just I... I had a headache that



day. I'm not really, uh, silly like that.'

George reached round and took hold of Mandy's rear. He squeezed.

'No? No...no..'

'Take your knickers down.'

Brown eyes darting, like a cornered animal. Was he going to... 'Look... please...'

'Take 'em down!'

Hands reluctantly fumbled under the green-and-white dress. It felt really stifly down there in the boiler room and Mandy could feel little pin-pricks of perspiration. Mr Bartlow was very close. Then his hand was up her dress. On her now bare bottom. His voice thick: 'So you don't mind me touching?'

Mandy's voice came out all squeaky. 'No...no...not... really.'

'That's good,' he growled.

'Because I *intend* to touch it. I'm going to smack it. And then I'm going to put the cane across it.'

Mandy made a spluttering sound. It was sick-making but at least it wasn't... the other. Unless, he planned to do that *afterwards*. No... no, he *couldn't*. Could he? that was just what girls said; what Mandy herself unfortunately said. Mr Bartlow's hand was still on Mandy's bare bottom. She licked dry lips. I'm not going to be sick, am I?

There was an old chair, with a broken back that had been mended. Mr Bartlow sat on it and Mandy was over his lap. Her skirt up round her waist and Mr Bartlow tugging her knickers right down to her knees. Groping, feeling up, at first, as you might expect. Then the spanking. It hurt all right, he seemed to be hitting just as hard as he could, but when you have a caning coming and also are afraid of something else... well...

Standing again — with a stinging sore bum. Mr Bartlow had got up and from some hidey-hole had produced a cane. A thin curving whippy-looking cane. Mr Pinkerton and Mr Griffin, Deputy Head, were the only people at St Helena's allowed to cane girls and it didn't happen very often. Mandy certainly had never had it. She gulped as Mr Bartlow held it out in front of her face.

'This is my little tickler, my girl. He's been waiting to see a bit of action for a while and now he gets his chance, eh!'

He bent her over the chair he'd been sitting on, over the seat with her hands on the floor and her head almost too. She felt her skirt pulled up again and gritted her teeth. She waited. Waiting for it was pretty dreadful. But not half



as bad, when it did come, as the actual thing.

He gave her six. Standing, afterwards it felt like she'd sat in the fire. 'Rub it if you want to,' advised Mr Bartlow.

Mandy shook her head, wiping at the tears. Rubbing it might make it feel even worse but anyway there was something else to think about besides a dreadfully smarting bottom. What was going to happen *now*? She stood, tense, knickers still round her knees.

'OK pull your knickers up.'

Her mind was a bit numb and it took a few seconds.

'You...l... is that.. it, then?'

'Unless you'd like six more.'

Frantically Mandy grabbed up her knickers, feeling a hot surge of release. She almost forgot her



stinging bottom in the heady realisation that Mr Bartlow evidently *wasn't* going to try anything else. No servicing. 'OK?' he asked. 'That was fair, wasn't it? A smacked bum and the cane and now we'll forget about it and forget about Mr Pinkerton.' 'Yes,' Mandy breathed. 'Yes... Thanks.'

George took hold of her arms. 'Of course I *could* have asked for something else and I reckon you'd have had to say yes, eh?'

Mandy flushed red. 'Uh... yes... thanks.'

He pulled her close. 'How about a little kiss then?'

Mandy kissed him, on the mouth. And just to show she was grateful that there hadn't been anything beyond caning she made it a proper one, pushing her tongue firmly into Mr Bartlow's mouth. Her bottom was still stinging but as she went bouncily back up the stairs Mandy was not feeling too bad.

* * * *

Sunday afternoon. Mandy had got her pass and gone off on her date with Dave. Mandy had been caned by Mr Bartlow, they all knew that but somehow it didn't seem to bother her all that much.

She seemed quite a good sort. Somehow the marvellous plot had lost its bite. Mandy had been caned but she had also met Dave. It was a bit annoying, to Alison at least. Penny of course was pleased.

'We should have thought up some ploy, rather than fixing Mandy up with Dave,' observed Alison. 'We should have found *ourselves* a couple of boys.' She







and Penny had gone for a walk. It was a nice afternoon but of course it would have been a lot better if you had two boys with you. Penny agreed.

'Still at least she got the cane,' said Alison. 'Did old Barters say anything about it, any details?'

Penny said, 'No not really.'

Penny had seen Mr Bartlow soon after Mandy's caning, had been taken out by him in fact. Mr Bartlow had to collect some stuff from the vicarage — vegetables, etc — and had been told he could take a girl to help. He had taken Penny.

'Didn't he say *anything*?' Alison wondered.

'No, not really.' Penny didn't sound too communicative. Was she perhaps brooding about something?

'And he didn't do anything either? Any *you know*, that sort of thing?'

Penny gave a sharp 'No'. Adding, 'No, he didn't. Well, he had just caned Mandy, hadn't he.'

It was a subject Penny did *not* want to talk about and she hoped Alison would not pursue it. Yes she was brooding. Because Mr

Bartlow *had* of course done something and it was all Alison's fault. It seemed she *had* said that about Penny being a virgin and being bothered by it. That was why Mr Bartlow had chosen Penny to help with his job. That was why he had stopped in the woods coming back. Mr Bartlow had been perfectly *beastly*, threatening that he might go to Miss Kingston again and tell her he had made it up about that teacher getting the sack. And with the threat Penny had given in.

She had known from the beginning she shouldn't have got involved with this business with Alison. All Mandy had got was a caning that didn't seem to bother her too much, whereas she, Penny, had been forced to allow Mr Bartlow...

'Let's sit down,' said Alison, 'we need a rest.' She put her arms round her friend. 'As we *haven't* any boys we'll just have to console each other.'

Penny said she didn't want to do *that*. Alison laughed. 'You always say that but when we start you always *do* want it.'







'Christ! James, you are absolutely hateful!'

Silent on the deep pile carpet he crossed the room to the window and there with an abrupt motion drew back the heavy curtains, flooding the pretty bedroom in shocking white early morning light. Not *really* early, it was June and it was seven-thirty, but it was much too early for the single occupant of the double bed with its duvet depicting an innocent young maiden watering flowers in her garden, on which the sun's brilliant rays now impinged. To the sound of stifled gasps of shock and discomfiture the pretty duvet was jerked up over the occupant's head.

The silent crosser of bedrooms and drawer-back of curtains sighed and moved over to the bed, firmly to pull back that same duvet, disclosing a brunette head and a pretty but pouting young face.

'Christ! James, you are absolutely *hateful!* Close those bloody curtains.' Strong and unlady-like language from one who looked so pleasingly feminine and youthful. She was in fact 17.

James Smithson, drawer of curtains and a chauffeur/handyman, sat on the side of the bed. 'Pleas be sensible, Miss Charlotte. Get up now and then there'll be plenty of time to get to school.'

'I don't *want* to get up. James, I'm *ill!* You don't think Mummy and Daddy want you to force me to go to school if I'm *ill*, do you? It's probably dreadfully infectious and I would infect all the other girls.'

James Smithson gave her a frank look. He was a pleasant-faced 35, an experienced man in his profession but he couldn't claim to know what sick 17 year old girls looked like. The trouble was that Mrs Dalbany had *said* her daughter would claim to be dreadfully ill simply to have a day off school.

'She's bound to try it on, James,' Mrs Dalbany had told him in her cut-glass tones. 'She'll assume you're a soft touch because you're new. But don't take any notice.' Mrs Penelope Dalbany had fixed him with her beautiful blue-green eyes. Penelope knew they were beautiful and indeed frequently devastating. They were eyes that could make strong men wilt or — even at the same time — get an instant full erection. James Smithson had not responded to quite that extent but he had felt a definite tingling glow in his nether regions.

'You're quite free to use a little persuasion,' the owner of the eyes had added. 'The cane, for instance. I always think the cane is excellent for wilful 17 years old girls. It never did me any harm.' This last bit had made James prick up his ears, as one might say.

From all this it must be evident that James had not been long in the Dalbany household; in fact he had taken up his post only a week earlier. It must also be evident that the elder Dalbany's had gone off — a business trip of Mr Dalbany to the States as it happened — and their delightful but somewhat wilful daughter Charlotte had been left in his charge. And here she was on this first morning in his care claiming a serious infectious illness, just as her mother had predicted.

James shook his head. 'Get up then, Miss Charlotte, and I'll drive you over to Dr Houndsworth. He'll soon know what's what.'

Charlotte shook *her* head, then fixed her eyes on James rather in the manner of her mother. Charlotte's eyes were big and beautiful too, though without the green flecks. She was however, at 17, not nearly so practised as her mother at using them on males so there was no knee trembling or anything of that sort from James. 'You can tell, James. Feel my forehead; it's boiling.'

James did feel it and pronounced it seemingly quite healthy.

He got another hot-eyed look. 'OK then, feel my boobs. They're *really* hot. I *must* be suffering from

something.' Charlotte pushed the duvet back to expose the top half of a mauve silk pyjama jacket. 'Go on, James. Open my pyjamas and have a feel. Like Dr Houndsworth would'.

True to the very best traditions of the English manservant, James Smithson did not bat an eyelid as he carefully unfastened the blue buttons and opened the jacket. The breasts were good-sized and very firm, and sticking up and out in spite of Charlotte's supine position. The cones were tipped with pink nipples which seemed to be erect.

'Go on, James; have a feel. I know you think they're not very big, but they *do* feel awfully hot.'

James assured her that he didn't think they weren't very big; they were an excellent size and shape, he told

LOOKING AFTER CHARLOTTE

her. He didn't say they weren't as big as her mother's; Charlotte would know that anyway and it was probably something she didn't want to hear. Mrs Penelope Dalbany, at 38, had very large sumptuous ones, heavy but still thrusting out without the benefit of a bra. James knew this because he had seen them. Two days ago.

Mrs Dalbany had called for a towel in the bathroom and he had entered to find her standing dripping and quite nude. Penelope Dalbany was of course as conscious of the effects on males of her magnificent mammaries as she was of her beautiful eyes. She had asked James to give her a quick rub with the towel and he had naturally obliged. On that occasion under the combined effects of the mammaries and the eyes and all the rest of Mrs Dalbany James *had* stiffened up considerably. There is a limit to the self-control of even the best English manservant.

Now with his hand on Penelope Dalbany's daughter's firmly conical breasts that self-control was being tested once more. Charlotte for her part was breathing harder, her face noticeably pink.

'Wh...what d'you think, James?'

'I think they're very lovely, Miss Charlotte; but I wouldn't say they feel excessively overheated.'

The big eyes fixed on his again. 'Oh w...wouldn't you, James. Then tha...that's a very poor show. Look, use two hands. And squeeze *harder*. Oooh, that's better... Mmmm....You've got very nice hands, James.'

James agreed that he might have nice hands and Charlotte had very nice and indeed highly arousing breasts but he didn't really think she was suffering greatly and he *did* think she should get up.

'Mmmm... You've got very nice hands, James'

Charlotte's own hands had come up to hold James's in position. 'Are they arousing, James? Are *you* aroused? They're not as arousing as Mummy's, though, are they? Not nearly as arousing as Mummy's big boobs. Men get *very* aroused by hers. And of course, James, Mummy lets men play with them. Quite frequently.'

'Get up, Miss Charlotte. Please.'

'No, James. Look, I'm sure I *am* ill. Look...feel further down — *you know* — I'm really *boiling* there.' The long eye-lashes batted rapidly several times and a pink tongue came out to wet already wet lips.

'Not a good idea, Miss Charlotte.'

'Yes. Come on, that'll show you. Come on, I haven't got any pyjama bottoms on, you know. It's all right, Dr Houndsworth *always* feels me there.'

James Smithson's stern self-control was clearly to be tested to its limits. His eyelids *did* flicker and there was also a definite tightness in the front of his smartly cut trousers. One hand slid down under the duvet, to where Charlotte's legs began. She was indeed not wearing pyjama bottoms. She was also undeniably hot; and wet. She gave a little gasp of pleasure. And began rocking her hips.

James moved his hand away but Charlotte grabbed it and pushed it back. 'Don't, James. Keep it there. Just...a few secs...Then I *will* get up.'

Well, if it would get her up...James Smithson's hand, his fingers, were not inexperienced. They did what was required. It did not take long, minutes only. Increasingly convulsive writhings of the slim shapely body, mountingly urgent mewling gasps and groans; all culminating in a half-stifled squeal.

Charlotte lay back, releasing the hand she had been

One hand slid down under the duvet, to where Charlottes legs began.

The big blue eyes registered sudden fright. 'No, James! you wouldn't...'

holding tight between her clenching thighs. She closed her eyes, then opened them again. She looked at James and giggled.

'I'll have to tell Mummy you burst into my room, James, and held me down and then made me come against my will. Unless you let me stay at home, James dear.' She batted her eyes fetchingly.

James Smithson bent over her. He wasn't smiling. 'And you'll also be able to tell her, Miss Charlotte, that I caned the living daylight out of you. Because that's what I'm going to do if you're not out of bed in 30 seconds.'

The big blue eyes registered sudden fright. 'No, James! You wouldn't...'

For answer he took hold of the top of that pretty duvet and stripped it abruptly off the bed. Charlotte let out a howl. James's eyes calmly took in long slim close-together legs and the light blonde bush where they met and where moments before his hand had nuzzled and burrowed. Charlotte's own hand now sneaked across to cover that part as she yelped again.

'Get up,' insisted James.

Twenty minutes later Charlotte presented herself to James in the drawing room. She was in her St Marcia's uniform of white blouse, grey skirt, sky-blue blazer, blue-and-grey tie. Squarely on her blonde head was the St Marcia's broad-brimmed straw hat with its wide blue-and-grey ribbon.

She smiled. 'See, James, I'm ready. You see I had plenty of time. Actually I've quite got over that ill feeling. Why would that be, do you suppose, James?'

James said he couldn't think.

Charlotte smiled another of her charming smiles, learnt from Mummy.



'I am going to have to cane you when you get home this afternoon!'

'Look James, you must see before we go.' With a sudden motion she lifted her pleated skirt with both hands, pulling it up round her waist. James blinked — just the once. Charlotte had on brief tight black knickers plus a sexy black satin suspender belt fastening dark stockings. She giggled.

'It's Mummy's. The suspender belt and nylons I mean. Nice, don't you think? The knickers aren't hers, they're my own; Uncle Julian gave them to me. Do you like it?'

Calmly, James suggested that St Marcia's might object to this rather racy gear. Charlotte did a pirouette and said that no one would see. The she came close and grabbed James, and planted a kiss on his mouth.

'I'm wearing it all to celebrate the start of our week together, James. You wouldn't really have caned me, would you, James darling?' She delivered another sexy kiss.

James accepted the kiss, accepted the hinting of her tongue against his lips, and then broke away.

'Yes, Miss Charlotte, I'm afraid I would have. And not only that, I *am* going to have to cane you when you get home this afternoon. We really have to establish what's what. Now; in the car please.'

* * * *

4 pm that afternoon. The Daimler was duly waiting in the driveway of St Marcia's. Inside, James, sober-faced, in grey suit and peaked cap, perused the sports columns of The Times and paid no attention to the various pretty members of St Marcia's as they walked by chattering. Pretty Charlotte, having decided it was best not to hang around and be late, got in next to him and slammed the door, tossing her straw hat and satchel in the back seat. She unbuttoned her blazer, then lifted her skirt, briefly flapping it. James saw nylon tops, suspenders, pale thighs as he foled the paper and put it away.

'All those girls are really envious of me, James, having such a handsome chauffeur. I know what they're thinking: they're all wondering if you *screw* me. In the back seat of the Daimler and in the potting shed and on the dining table — and *everywhere*!

James smiled a sober smile and set the motor purring. 'Young girls, Miss Charlotte — I know — have very vivid imaginations. But at the same time I'm certain they know you're a very nice girl: a virgin, I'm sure.'

'Yes I am, worse luck. Mummy watches me like a hawk so I don't have much choice. Whereas she can go around and screw whoever she likes. Mothers are like that, James; they can do it all the time while their poor husband works hard at the office. I bet right now she's screwing some horrible fat American while poor Daddy's having his business talks. James, you're not really going to cane me, are you? I've had a simply *bestly* day just *thinking* about it.'

'Yes, Miss, I'm afraid I must.'

'I shall *tell* Mummy, you know, James. I shall tell her you caned me. I shall tell her you screwed me too.'

James kept his eyes on the road. 'As for the caning, Miss Charlotte, Mr Dalbany *advised* me to use the cane. As for the other, I hope madam would have the good sense not to believe it.'

There was a pause, then a little-girl moan. 'Why are you so hateful to me, James? Why aren't you nice?'

'Please, Miss. I shouldn't do that while we're driving.' A soft girlish hand had invaded the crotch of James's trousers.

'Can I do it at home then?' inquired Charlotte innocently.

* * * *

'We might as well do it right away, Miss Charlotte. Get

it over with and then you can get on with your homework.'

James was referring to the caning, not anything else. He had just finished putting the Daimler away and had removed his peaked cap and his jacket. He and Charlotte were in the dining room.

'I'm not doing any bloody homework, James. And I don't *want* to be caned. Can't you let me off, James dear? In exchange I'd let you have my pure young body to do with as you will.'

James remained seemingly unmoved by this generous offer, his voice calm. 'All I want is to cane it, Miss Charlotte. To cane your bottom. And when I say I want to, what I mean is that I feel it is necessary. Now then, would you like to change first? I shall want your bottom bare, of course.'

'Why should I want to change, James?'

'I don't know, Miss, it was merely a suggestion. If you like then you can simply remove your blazer and skirt. And knickers of course.'

Charlotte hesitated, then took off her blazer. She thrust out firm white-bloused breasts, and batted long-lashed eyes. 'You're going to enjoy this, aren't you, James. You want me to keep my stockings and suspender belt on, *of course*, to add to your enjoyment, don't you?'

'They *are* attractive, Miss. Very seductive.'

'I Know, James.' Charlotte began unfastening her skirt. 'Shall I tell you something, James? Something even Daddy doesn't know. Mummy lets that awful old Brigadier Michelby do it to her, and when he does it she wears nylons and her suspender belt and really high heels. I know because I've *seen*. Mummy knows I know because she caught me peeking once. She said don't you dare say anything to Daddy, it's just that Brigadier Michelby is a poor lonely old man. What a joke! I bet he does it to all the good-looking women in the village.'

Charlotte's skirt was off now. 'You did say knickers as



'If you like then you can simply remove your blazer and skirt. And knickers of course!'



well, James?’

‘Yes, Miss Charlotte.’

She slid then down. ‘That old creep wanted to do it to me too. He offered me £5 but I said no and I’d tell Daddy if he tried anything. That is *true*, James; I’m not making that up

James Smithson looked unblinking at girlish flanks just beginning to burgeon into womanhood, and at the neat blonde bush. ‘I can believe it, Miss Charlotte. Quite a few gentlemen *do* enjoy pretty girls — and their mothers too, of course.’

‘You’re going to enjoy *this* aren’t you, James?’

‘Yes Miss, I cannot honestly deny it. But I feel it is also my duty. Now, Miss Charlotte, I should like you to get up on the table. Lie on your back, and lift your legs and hold them. Nice and high.’

Charlotte looked and swallowed, and went two shades pinker. ‘No, James...’ she breathed. ‘Not like *that*... that’s... *humiliating*.’

‘Perhaps, Miss Charlotte, but if it is it all adds to the punishment, doesn’t it. Come on now.’

Charlotte shook her head. ‘James, *please!*’

James had a cane in his hand now. It had appeared seemingly from nowhere, in fact from behind a settee where he had placed it earlier. It was a cane Mrs Dalbany had given him. James swished it out, slicing it smoothly across one of Charlotte’s nyloned calves.

‘Aaarrooooww! Bloody hell, James!’

‘Get up then, Miss. Get up on the table.’

Groaning, she climbed up, affording James intimate views and not only of her bottom. At his curt command Charlotte lifted her legs, holding them with one hand and

‘Lie on your back, and lift your legs and hold them. Nice and high’.

‘That’s all right, Miss Charlotte. You can keep your hand over it.’

placing the other over her otherwise very exposed privacy. Red-faced, she looked up at James her voice defiant.

‘I’m not having you staring at my thing, James, so don’t think I am.’

‘That’s all right, Miss Charlotte. You can keep your hand over it so long as you keep your legs well up in the air.’

‘I just think you’re hateful... Aaaaooohh! Jesus Christ!’

The cane had zinged down, squarely across the upturned undercurve of Charlotte’s bum, just beyond what her hand was covering. In addition to the anguished yell it produced immediate twin pink tram-lines rapidly deepening. Charlotte let go of the backs of her knees to leave her legs kicking free, her other hand also momentarily slipping away from her furry peach. James grabbed the kicking legs and bent them back down again.

‘Keep a tight hold, Miss Charlotte. I’ve got to do it properly. If you can’t keep hold I’ll have to make you use both hands.’

Charlotte made a gurgling wailing sound, but held onto her knees. The cane slashed down again producing a second anguished verbal response, a second double red line, a renewed writhing of the assaulted rear. She kept firm hold of her knees though.

‘James; stop! Your bloody killing me!’

James said, ‘Oh no, Miss.’ And slashed the cane down for a third time. By now Charlotte wasn’t just squealing she was crying as well. It was quite hateful at 17 to produce real tears just as it was quite hateful to be upended on the dining table and have your bare bum caned. But she couldn’t help it; the pain was awful and the tears just rolled out.

As she gasped and yelped the cane sliced down again. And then again. Six times altogether. Not that Charlotte could count them, for by halfway through it was just a blur of stinging pain.

‘You... *hateful... hateful...*’ Charlotte sobbed when he had finished and she was right way up and on her feet again. Because of the tears she couldn’t see except out-of-focus outlines. James held her and she buried her face in his shirt front. ‘You’re — just *hateful...* she blubbed.

James had one hand round Charlotte’s waist and she felt the other on her bottom. Her hotly stinging bare bottom. In fact she felt boiling hot all over. Not least between her legs. Charlotte rubbed her wet face in James’s shirt and gave a tearful groan. Then reached behind her to that hand on her bottom. Taking it she moved it round in front between the two of them. And with another groan thrust it between her bare hot legs, high up at the top where she was not only bare and hot but slippery wet as well.

‘All right, beastly James’ Charlotte’s voice was halting, gasping. ‘Now... now you’ve got me all hot you c...can do something about it.’ She rammed the hand hard up, at the same time thrusting herself down on it. ‘Come on...you b...beast...’

Legs splayed, Charlotte began riding the hand which James, well-trained and obliging manservant that he was, kept firm between her legs, his fingers doing what fingers are supposed to do in such circumstances. Very shortly Charlotte demonstrated that she had obtained proper relief from that awful stress of being caned upside down on the dining table.

Sometime later, 10 o’clock or so, in the drawing room. Charlotte in her super mauve silk pyjamas now and ready for bed, or supposedly so, but James was having trouble persuading her that it was time. His arguments that growing girls needed their sleep and that 17 year old girls also had to go to school in the morning



**'I was instructed to cane you, Miss
Charlotte.'**

derisive laughter.

'Sod school, James. Look, I'll go up if you'll come with me.'

She grabbed him, putting her arms round and rubbing her silk-clad self hard against him. James said, 'No, not a good idea,' but Charlotte said breathily 'Yes!'

'Come on, James. It's what you're supposed to be doing, looking after me. Come on; take me up and then come into bed with me for *just five minutes*. That's all. Charlotte continued to rub her sinuous body against James as it seemed he was at least considering it.

'Come on, James. I'll get up at the crack of dawn then, really I will. And I'll be awfully good and 100 per cent co-operative. And I *have* done my homework and I *did* let you cane me up on the table which I don't think Mummy would strictly have approved of but anyway I'm not going to tell her.'

'I was instructed to cane you, Miss Charlotte!'

'But not up on the table like that, I don't think, James. But we won't argue. Come on; upstairs! I'm afraid of the dark for one thing: did I tell you that?'

'Five minutes, Miss Charlotte?'

'Yes, James. Five super swoony minutes. Come on! Carry me up!'

In the bedroom Charlotte sat on the side of her bed, on the duvet with its pretty illustration of that innocent young maiden watering flowers in her garden, her face hot with excitement. The innocent young maiden Charlotte pulled James forward and reached for his belt buckle.

'Look...' protested James.

'James! You can't get into bed with your trousers on.'

'James! You can't get into bed with your trousers on'.

He might have to make it 10 or even 12 strokes this time.

Take your tie off.' His belt buckle was jerked undone, his zip jerked down. Biting his lip James Smithson reached to unfasten his tie. Miss Charlotte was certainly very wilful and there wasn't much doubt that he'd have to cane her again tomorrow. In all likelihood he would have to cane her *every day*. James felt his trousers slide down and then his underpants.

'Christ, James!'

Charlotte's awestruck exclamation was occasioned by the fact that James was most impressively erect, best traditions of English manservanthood notwithstanding.

'James; I didn't know it was *that* big.'

Charlotte's hand took hold and then her brunette head bent forward. James gasped, and gritted his teeth. Charlotte's head came up again, her big blue eyes shining, her face pink, her soft full-lipped mouth wet. James took a deep breath and sat down on the bed. He began to unfasten his shoes. Charlotte stood up and stripped off the bottoms of her mauve pyjamas.

'Jesus Christ, James,' she breathed, and then clambered into bed. '*Jesus Christ, James; hurry up!*'

James bit his lip. He hoped he was still in control. But it was not going to be easy. Trouserless, shirt-tails parting to reveal what was jutting enormously now, its head glistening with Charlotte's saliva, James climbed into the bed. Only five minutes, he told himself, though not with a lot of conviction. He consoled himself with the thought that if young Charlotte *did* get the upper hand now she certainly wouldn't have it tomorrow when he got her up on the dining table again with her mother's cane in his hand. He might have to make it 10 or even 12 strokes this time.



BY REQUEST



Dear Sirs,

I have enjoyed, even delighted in, your magazines since the first issue, and would like to add my encouragement to that of others that you keep up the excellent standard of your productions.

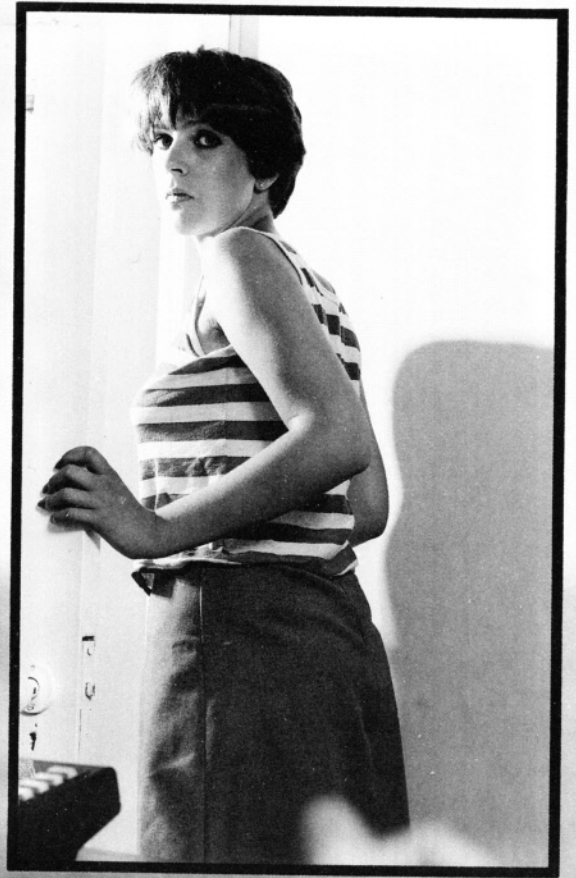
With regard to your 'By Request' features, may I ask you to indulge a particular whim of mine? I would very much like to see a 'By Request' showing an office girl — secretary or typist perhaps — being called into her boss's office and then being spanked, but I would like to see it from the point of view of the man who spansks her.

Since I am unlikely to be in the position of spanking a secretary myself, this would be a 'next best' for me. I very much hope you will be able to help; if so, perhaps you could arrange for the girl being spanked to have short, dark hair, which would enhance the whole thing for me for reasons which you may guess, that she would remind me of a certain young lady of my work-a-day acquaintance.

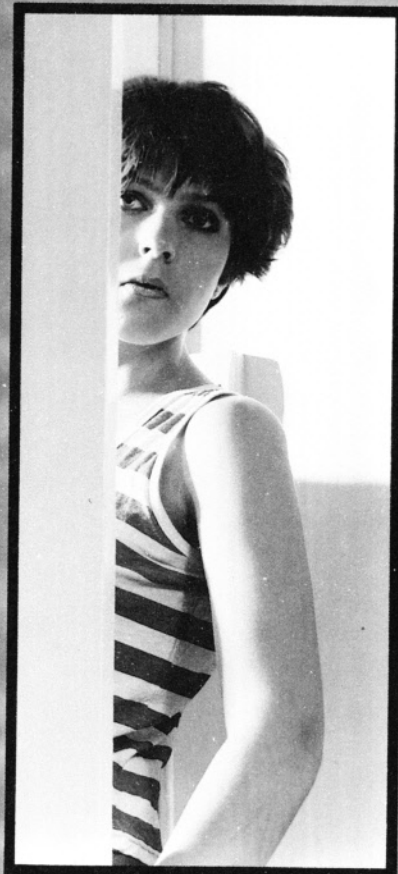
P.R.S. Ealing

Would it go something like this, P.R.S.?

NAME	FORM OR CLASS	REASON FOR PUNISHMENT
BOTTOMLEY ROSALIND	5B	Reported by prefect for being "out of bounds"
PUNISHMENT ADMINISTERED: Six-Stroke Caning — told to consider herself in detention for remainder of this week. B.B. / Tears / Submitted Later		



A look of rueful anticipation, just as ever —



Knickers somewhat different, but filled just as nicely in the most interesting places!

NAME	FORM OR CLASS	REASON FOR PUNISHMENT
Bottomley R.	6B	See Housemaster's note re. Punishment yesterday.
PUNISHMENT ADMINISTERED: After overnight opportunity to think about coming punishment — 12 Stroke Caning, P.E. Kit, after pre-breakfast "exercise" — Caned over gym horse in gymnasium. B/B/ Copious tears / note to Guardian — as requested by him.		

The book containing these foregoing entries and many others, lies on Mr Fowler's desk; before his palm's most recent encounter with a plump teenaged bottom he had been reading through it, refreshing his memory of the girl when she had been a pupil at the school.

A compulsive need to document events has prompted the headmaster to open this present term's Record of Punishment book at this day's date and draw a line under 'Woodford, J.P., form 6B — six stroke caning, see appended note from form mistress.'

He writes, 'Bottomley, R', and hesitates over the column headed 'Form or Class'. After a moment's deliberation he sets down the words 'Assistant School Secretary' one above the other in the narrow space provided.

Under 'Reason for Punishment' he notes, 'Lack of application in respect of work allocated, i.e., letters to be typed, pupils records to be updated, etc.'

'Punishment administered'. He writes 'Bare-bottom spanking', and after a dash adds a cryptic, '15, C.L., A.A.' (She was spanked for fifteen minutes, during which she Cried Lustily but Accepted his Authority).

Needing to feel that he has left nothing undone which he ought to have done, the headmaster sets down a pair of parentheses at the end of his note and puts inside them; 'Age 17/3 months'. Under this he inscribes an asterisk, and illuminates this mark with a somewhat superfluous 'N.B.'. 'See letter on file giving 'in loco parentis' authorisation to punish, together with Guardian's first application for enrolment, dated —'

He can't be sure what the date would have been; it was several years ago. Neither is he sure that a parent or guardian's permission to punish a pupil actually entitles him to chastise an assistant school secretary, even if she is the same girl but a bit older. Never mind; she's still a juvenile and a year at secretarial college won't have convinced her uncle — not he, who was always anxious that the girl should be thoroughly disciplined as a schoolgirl — that she's grown out of the need for a smacked bottom just yet!



The headmaster dithers over whether or not to commit the one last item of information to this official record; his compulsive urge to record **everything** almost gets the better of him, but his professional caution makes him baulk at the words, 'dealt with further, post-chastisement', which would mean something to **him** but might also lead to awkward explanations if the note were ever picked up by some authorised person.





No, he'll confide it to his diary only, for of course, he keeps a diary. He closes the Record of Punishment book and leaves it on his desk. He locks his office and goes off to supper, trying out phrases in his mind. 'Disciplined sexually?' Will he be able to remember what he meant, when he re-reads his diary in ten years time. Could mean a lot of things. Something more direct, perhaps; — 'Intercourse ensued?' Too clinical, misses all the flavour. No, he'll have to think of something more evocative altogether —

Dear Sirs,

I have never before bothered to write to a man's magazine, but the steady stream of deliciously beautiful girls captured by Blushes' cameras has finally moved me to write in awe-struck appreciation of one of your models.

I had thought you wouldn't soon surpass the beauty and, dammit, the charming personality displayed by the dreamy girl on the left of the cover of Blushes 8 but, stone me, you've done it! I cannot recall seeing a more alluring girl in any spanking magazine (or any pin-up magazine, for that matter) than the unforgettable model who featured on the cover of Blushes Supplement Four and in the 'Top Secret' feature in Blushes 10. The cover of the Supplement excellently captures the gorgeous brown-ness and profundity of her eyes but I'll confine my remarks to the 'Top Secret' feature, as I think that those photographs show her to be the very 'model' of what a spanking model should be. Every aspect of this girl's physique is superb but, just as important, she fully conveys the impression of a plucky, courageous girl who submissively accepts correction while certainly not enjoying it! That tearful snuffle, or is it a slight snarl, in the top photograph on page 25 really says it all. What a miraculous expression! This girl should be snapped up by Hollywood immediately, or was it for real? Did the bearded gentleman's hand really sting her spankably sexy bottom, causing her lip to curl so convincingly? She surely looked far from happy when being apparently energetically spanked by the other gentleman at the top of page 26.

Surely only a reader with the hardest of hearts could fail to be moved by the apprehension with which she views the descending cane at the bottom of page 30! I hope those weals did not sting her too badly, for she seems to have taken her punishment as well as could be expected. The outstanding photograph of the set is the large one on page 33 which serves as a good example of your photographer's sensitivity to girls' moods. How suggestive this photograph is of a girl's mood during the ritual of a punishment. What exactly is the eye of the beholder to read into the faraway look in those thought-laden eyes? Is she wishing she were a thousand miles away? Safe from that stingy cane? Or is she looking for signs of compassion in the face of the man who holds her? Maybe, yet there is still pride and a hint of defiance in the bold set of her mouth. The girl is cowed a little, but her spirit is not broken. Who can fail to admire her? She took her punishment with a calm if reluctant acceptance and no doubt learnt the error of her ways, which makes her all the more endearing to your readers, I have no doubt. This is a girl to cherish. Indeed, I'll make a confession which is probably a shameful one for a Blushes reader.

I have very little desire to give her a spanking and certainly would not wish to see her caned, for in my opinion she just doesn't deserve it! She's obviously a sensitive girl (see the dread in her eyes in the top left-hand corner of page 29) and I get the distinct impression that harsh words would probably be sufficient deterrence to bad behaviour in her case, so long as she recognises the justice of one's argument. I'm not implying that she's mindlessly obedient; obviously not, or she wouldn't be up for a spanking in the first place. No, the photos on page 21 show she's a modern, resourceful, independent-minded girl who probably does need to be taken down a peg or two now and again. But I just think she has too finely-tuned a sensibility to need much spanking, notwithstanding the fact that she has one of the most attractive bottoms ever featured in Blushes — substantial without being too big, and gorgeously shapely! Certainly a bottom that cries out for spanking, and yet I felt the urge to spank dying away when I saw that vulnerable little girlish face. I'd love to see her in another photo set wearing a gym skirt and tight panties but with bare legs skipping a rope, with action stills of her legs in mid-air as she jumps. Could your

ENCORE...

photographer capture that? The setting could be a playground or perhaps a gymnasium, in which case I'd also like to see her in a leotard performing energetic aerobics!

I'll close by nominating her the most attractive girl yet featured in Blushes and would be grateful to know whether others agree. Perhaps readers would like to hold a vote; the winning girl might be invited to do a special photoset for Blushes, perhaps. Oh well, it must be love! Come on, Blushes, how do you do it?

Sincerely,

J., London

Dear Blushes,

Quite recently while members of our bottom-worshippers club were relaxing in our inner sanctum watching a Jo Durie game on T.V., the occasional glimpses of lace panties and knickers brought on memories of Blushes. Hence we humbly wish to propose a 'wimbledon warm-up' sequence for Linda's column. How about staging Linda warming-up on the tennis court (indoors or out-doors) in a skirt that is much too short, occasionally having to bend over to pick up the ball and with the occasional breeze blowing up her skimpy skirt only to reveal lilly-white panties snugly cupping that soft, tender, fat, fleshy pussy puffing out in all its glory. After the practice session, of course, she should be spanked for disobeying the coach's instructions.

Some members also wish to lodge a serious complaint. Remember the story 'Bath Night' (Blushes No. 2)? Well members have been fuming at the fact that Wendy wasn't allowed to 'come' in that story. It so happens that Wendy (or Kikki as she was in Supplement No. 2) has become the 'patron saint' of most of our members. We like her to be handled as she was in 'Kikki Kikki' (Supplement No. 2). She must be sternly disciplined, but we must insist that she be made to spill her thick, warm, creamy thrills of honeydew, pecked on the 'cheek' and left lying in a hazy daze. For example in 'Kikki Kikki' she was left feeling all 'creamy dreamy' and we just love it when she's made to feel that way — when she's 'stirred' and 'brought to the boil' after a sound caning. So come on Blushes, give us more of Wendy (or Kikki or whatever you prefer to call her). She's a rose by any name.

The average age of our membership is 38. Our eldest member Mr G Brady (or G.B.) is 76 and has recently reported that Linda's bottom (Supplements 2 and 4) has injected new 'venom' into his loins. Her pantied bottom in Supplement No. 4 has put back the 'spring' not only in his step but... 'G.B.' was so dejected when he read of Fowler's plans to cut his pension. It took Linda's smooth shapely bottom to give him a 'lift'. What a tonic for the flagging hopes of Britain's male pensioners. Keep up the good work Linda!

Finally, remember Annabel (Supplement No. 4)? Well there's a picture of her — top left of page 7 where she is standing, knickers down, back to camera, nervously biting her fingers, her big bottom in full bloom (Supplement 4). Remember? Well our members are requesting a big blow-up of this picture (at least of that bottom). 'Gis' a favour — will you? Please?

We are loyal Blushes readers and we sincerely trust that you will find our suggestions and criticisms constructive. Please convey our thanks and best wishes to all the Blushes girls.

Sincerely,

M. O'Shea for: Bottom Worshippers

ENCORE...



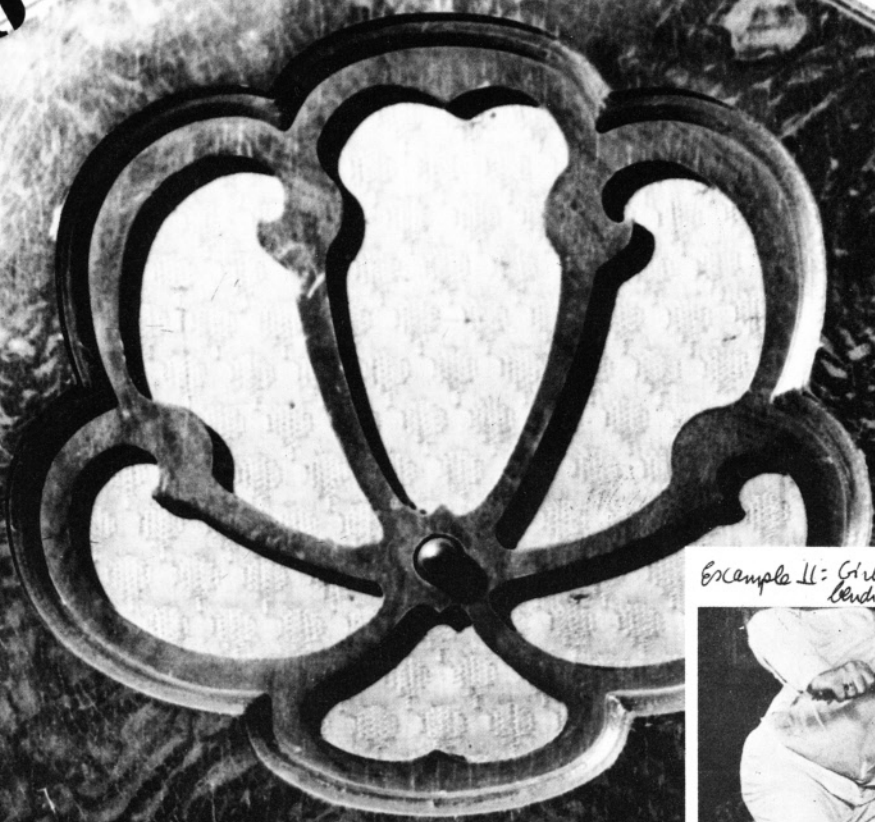
The 'Top Secret' girl from Blushes 10 and
Blushes Uniform Girls No. 3

from Blushes
Supplement 4



in the forthcoming
Blushes Supplement 7

Germany Calling...



Example II: Girl should stand bending down.



Example I: Nearly correct - but girl has to stand in bedding position, not kneeling!



Dear Editor,

As an enthusiastic reader (and, of course, viewer) of your excellently photographed magazine **Blushes**, I have a request, which I think many German fans of the traditional English school-punishment will share: I would like to see an English teacher (man, or better woman) practising one of our best caning methods for penitent girls, in Germany known as 'Schenkel-Klemme', which means 'Hold fast by thighs'.

The naughty girl is forced to bend down in front of the teacher standing with his legs spread wide like horse riding. The girl's head is then taken between the teacher's thighs to hold her in bending position while her skirt is lifted. Now the cane may swish down across the seat of her knickers being pulled tight around her buttocks by a firm grip in the elastic waistband. The second part of the caning is given on the bare bottom, knickers pulled down to the girl's knees.

I wonder if people in England do know this fine method too, but I never saw any drawings or photographs of it in British publications.

Carry on with your good work.

T.E., Hamburg, Germany

Dear Sirs,

Thank you very much for the publication of my letter, dated October 22, in **Blushes 6**. In particular I want to thank you for giving my full name, it saved my husband from wondering if it could be really me who had written that letter — although it is already quite apparent from its content. Yes, he did read it — the thing I feared so very much, and he spared me even the embarrassment of buying an issue myself. A good friend of my husband had it put right under his nose and so one unfortunate Friday when I returned from shopping, there it lay, open on the sitting room table and my husband waiting already for me, a face like stone, white with rage and fury.

He did not say much at the time, only shoved it over to me with an almost unnecessary question if it was me who had written that letter. Of course, it was me, my name under it left no other answer although I could not really believe to see it there completely — only the address was missing. My legs felt suddenly like sticks made of jelly and my tongue did no longer obey as usual — I tottered around senseless and stammered nonsense-excuses, with little hope to achieve anything. I did not know what would happen until he told me in a voice cold and sharp like ice that he had sent our children to their grandparents — a very unusual day it was for a visit. But now I knew what was awaiting me and I can tell you in advance that I received the most thorough punishment I had at any time up to that moment, a really marvellous affair it was, which I must not keep back from your readers. No, on account of my husband I have to describe it in some detail to give your readers an idea what happens to a wife who is unfaithful — so was at least his interpretation — to her husband. So here is my account what went on at this Friday evening up there in our attic.

On the whole the punishment went on as usual, it were only the few exceptions here and there which made it so exceptionally awful. Up in our 'punishment room' I stripped naked as usual, fetched the instruments for my punishment from the corner-cupboard as usual, handed them over to my husband and knelt on my bench with my hands behind my neck folded as usual, waiting for the usual paddling of my breasts. And here the first of those little changes in the arrangement occurred. Walter, my husband put the paddle away with the cane and took the whip with its flattened-out end-piece, and with this so very painful device he started to flick at my two big mounds, whipping their peach-coloured smoothness from all possible sides. One single flick with that end of his whip was not so terrible painful, but the increasing number of flicks falling in quick succession let my pain build-up fast enough to have me soon breathless with cries and flushed with hot tears — it was definitely worse to have that whip on my poor breasts than that already painful enough paddle. Therefore it will be no surprise when I tell you that I could keep my hands only for eleven minutes behind my head — then my blazing, swollen and welted breasts were bursting with pain and I simply had to relieve them from being whipped any longer.

Crying desperately, even howling and with tears rolling in one single flow over my face distorted with pain, I went into my next punishment position, with me on my back, legs up and held at the knees with my hands locked. The next small change had me instantly with eyes wide open and my mouth crying out with protest — but, of course, in vain. Walter had exchanged his whip for the cane and proceeded to cane my poor quim, offered so completely vulnerable to him in that position. He did not whack-down his cane as if he were caning my buttocks or thighs, but he definitely more than once tapped at my poor pussy. With only a few strokes he had my pussy-lips swollen high and dark red, giving way to my more intimate secrets which were in the same state soon after. I howled continuously and tried to keep my position as long as

possible, but it was too much — after only seven minutes of that dreadful cane on my quim I had to let go of my legs and slid to the floor, blaring away with the pain between my legs. This left me with 42 strokes of the cane to come, the highest number I had ever achieved to get. Forty-two with that one-meter long cane on my buttocks and on my thighs, it made me cry out loud and pitying. But it did not help me much. Soon afterwards I was draped over that bench, ready for the cane, for it flashing down forty-two times onto my poor flesh. And so it did, stroke after stroke it welted my broad buttocks and my long thighs with its double-ridges, bringing me every time to the top of my voice. As usual, Walter waited for the next stroke until I had calmed down so much that I had the correct position, had my buttocks and thighs without tension and come down from screaming to heavy crying. It needed an awful long time before I had actually received all 42 strokes and by that time my buttocks and thighs were covered by so many weals that not the smallest strip of untouched flesh was left.

I cannot describe my pains and coming close to the reality without using permanently superlatives. I had the horrible feeling that my buttocks and upper thighs were swollen to at least twice their usual size and their corrugated weal-furrowed surface must have actually radiated heat, my rear end made me almost forget what had happened to my breasts and quim.

But the worst thing was that my sufferings were not yet finished. Walter had brought with him your issue 6 and after having me again kneeling on the bench made me reading my own long letter from the beginning to its end, and for every reading mistake I got one more stroke with the cane over the front of my thighs. You should remember that I had already eleven minutes of breast-whipping, seven minutes of pussy-caning and forty-two strokes on my buttocks and thighs which altogether tried to absorb my attention alone. And then to concentrate on a report on punishment, that is not only difficult but almost impossible. It earned me eight more strokes of the cane, eight weals on the front of my poor white thighs when I had reached that last passage of my letter expressing my hope for help by publishing my letter — the irony of which was then completely lost on me, I did not make out any sense of those words, I tried only to read all those words correct, without more mistakes.

Now, afterwards I see the point, but still don't see any funny aspect in the situation, nor does my husband, he takes the whole thing very serious, therefore also his order to write this letter, telling what his wife had to expect after writing letters of such compromising content without asking for permission first. If he had given his permission when asked? I think so, that is the real irony of it all. I believe that I could have written and have published that letter without one stroke of whip or cane at all — if I had only asked beforehand. It is all as simple as that! And for this letter I didn't even need any permission but was told to write, a few days after my severest punishment ever, when my breasts, buttocks and thighs were playing in all colours, carrying an underlying ugly yellowish tinge with large patches of blue, purple and almost black and still with also a definite overall swell left. And I did my first draft actually a few days later, when those dark patches were losing colour slowly and my bum had its usual shape again. But even today, when I write this on the typewriter, three weeks after my punishment there are enough traces left to tell an experienced disciplinarian what I have gone through. My malice has turned to sarcasm now as you will have realized in the beginning and will change to a wry smile in due time when asked then on that event.

Again my best wishes to you and your staff and there was no offence meant and actually none taken.

Hanna-Renate Kluge



SWITCHED ON?

BLUSHES